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London. [iv. - app.
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T R I P

FROM

St. James's to the Royal-Exchange.

WITH

REMARKS Serious and Diverting,

ON

The MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and
AMUSEMENTS

OF THE

Inhabitants of *London and Westminster.*An Account of a City Entertainment in *Christmas* Holidays, with lively Conversation there.

Wrangle between a Barrister at Law and a Foot-Soldier on the first Day of Term.

Description of an Infant-Office, for letting out Children to Beggars.

Proceedings of a Society of Affidavit-Men, Watch-Takers, &c.

The Management of Undertakers for Funerals; with their Method of getting Intelligence.

Observations on the Behaviour of Maid-Servants, and Characters of several.

Cavalcade from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, with the Behaviour of Jailors and Prisoners.

Modern Conversation at Coffee-Houses and Ordinaries.

Ludgate, and its Inmates described.

The peculiar Talent of the City-Beaus, for Disputation.

On the Antiquity of *Brussels*-Lace Ruffles.On *Constitution-Hill*, *St. James's-Park*, and the Company there.

Remarks on News-Writers, and their Works; with a sure

Method of promoting the Sale of Pamphlets.

&c. &c. &c.

Quicquid agunt Homines, nostri Farrago Libelli.

L O N D O N :

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W. Tw (Price One Shilling.)

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OBSERVATIONS

SERIOUS and DIVERTING.

BEING tired of the Country and its Amusements, I resolv'd once more to visit *London*, to divert myself in the dark Season of the Year, and observe the Manners and Behaviour of its Inhabitants. This Place is a kind of large Forest of wild Creatures, ranging about at a venture, equally savage, and mutually destructive of each other. The splendid Equipages we see in every Part of the Town, are an Indication of an approaching Poverty, and too plainly foretell Bankruptcy to Crouds of miserable People. A Fourth Part of the Houses in some of the chief Streets, are intirely empty : In those that are inhabited, look into the Shops, you'll see a general Discontent and Melancholy in the Faces of their respective Owners. We have Play-houses and Places of Diversion in plenty, and a hundred Tipling-houses to one Church. A Man may go through almost all the Parishes in *London*, and scarce find twenty People in any one of them, that can readily tell the Name of their Minister. I have seen an ancient Inhabitant, who had long paid Scot and Lot, as hard put to answer such a

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Question,

Question, as a Colonel of a Regiment would be to rehearse the Apostles Creed, or a Countess to say her Catechism. Tho' it is allowed, that a great many People may affect Ignorance in this respect, for fear of bringing themselves under the Imputation of frequenting Religious Assemblies.

LONDON is the grand Reservoir, or Common-Sewer of the World : Like the Ocean, wherein the muddy and dirty Brooks, as well as the clear and rapid Rivers, disembogue themselves, this City receives the Scum and Filth, not only of our own, but of all other Countries : *Italian, French, German, Dutch* Gentry, continually transferring themselves hither ; where they soon grow great, meeting with Encouragement more than the Natives, and laugh at their Good-nature for preferring them to their own Countrymen. *France* furnishes *Cooks, Valets de Chambre, Dancers, and Teachers of French*, who seldom understand a Sentence of *English*. *Italy* supplies us with *Fidlers and Eunuchs*, and other Gentry remarkable for running in Debt, and forgetting to pay. *Scotland* sends us *Pedlars, Beggars, and Quacks* ; and *Ireland, Evidences, Robbers, and Bullies*. *Wales* has pour'd more illustrious Gentry into *London* than any other Country, and has likewise furnished more *Chairmen, Footmen, and Porters*, mostly of very ancient Houses, who daily condescend to servile Employments, notwithstanding their *eminent Extract* and *sublime Descent*.

The *Germans*, indeed, have of late Years greatly incroached upon the Prerogatives of the *Welch*, by importing several Thousands of their Drones into *London* ; many of whom, from Lice and Laziness, have got themselves into laced Liveries,

Liveries, and profitable Places. But the *Britons* are not without hopes of recovering their ancient Rights and Privileges.

If you look into *Westminster-Hall*, the Lawyers are together by the ears with one another, and nothing but Complaints against the *Badness of the Term*, and *Want of Money*, is heard amongst them : While Jurymen are endeavouring to get off the Pannels, for fear of being starved in empty Courts in the Winter.

The Courtiers are peculiarly distinguished, by constantly promising what they seldom remember to perform ; and by being attended with a great Number of tall powder'd two-legged *Animals*, who walk before a Chair, or hang like a Cluster of Bees at the hind Part of a Chariot, embracing one another in an indecent Posture.

A thorough-paced Courtier is a professed Friend to many, but a real one to none : And if his most intimate Friend seems to have a greater share of Virtue than himself, he is jealous, and endeavours by secret Practices to injure him, or remove him from any Post or Dignity he possesses. To his Superiors, he is humble as a Slave ; to his Inferiors, haughty as an elevated Footman : A *Proteus* that can change himself to all Shapes, conform himself to all Humours, and temporize with all Opportunities, so that he may work himself into the Favour of his Prince, to whom he is no longer faithful, than while it increases his Interest, or satisfies his Ambition. He is as deaf to the Importunity of a *necessitated Tradesman*, as a *Rogue* to *Compassion*, or a *Miser* to the *Cries of the Poor* ; fancying that Grandeur authorizes him

safely to act all Villainy. His *Honour*, which should be agreeable to Justice and Honesty, he makes an Asylum to shield him from paying his Debts. His Bounty is extended only to Pimps and Parasites, whose whole Merit lies in their Adulations of his Person and Parts.

FOR the Benefit of the *St. James's End* of the Town, which includes the *Beau Monde*, Liberty is allowed to all *idle People*, of walking in the *Park*. Accounting myself one of the last Denomination, I determined to take a view of the *Mall*, famous for being the Rendezvous of the Gay and Gallant, who assemble there to see and be seen, to censure and be censured; the *Ladies* to shew their fine Clothes and the Product of the Toilet; the Men, to observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are generally very nice and very malicious. In this Place of general Concourse, People often join in the Company of those whom they either deride or hate; for *Company* is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the Place.

The *Mall*, in a fine Spring Morning, is often adorned with more of our Nobility and Gentry, than are any where else to be seen in so short a Compass; freed from mixed Crouds of saucy Fops and City Gentry, who are as distinguishable as a Judge from his Clerk, or a Lady from her Waiting-Woman. Those of real Rank carry an Air of Dignity and Greatness in their Aspects; being little beholden to Taylors and Manteau-makers.

makers. A graceful Presence bespeaks Acceptance, gives a force to Language, and helps to convince by Look and Gesture. But every proud and illiterate Coxcomb, who has acquired a Fortune by *Sharping*, or *Shop-keeping*, and such as have got just above *par* in the World, and oftentimes those much below it, will extravagantly endeavour to mimick the *Great Ones*; yet with all Aids whatsoever, they appear at best but as very mean *Copies* of fine *Originals*; the *Ludgate-Hill Hobble*, the *Cheapside Swing*, and the general City *Folt* and *Wriggle* in the *Gait*, being easily perceived through all the Artifices the *Smarts* and *Perts* put upon them. A Man may waddle into a Church, or Coffee-House, make a Leg to an Alderman, Levee a Common-Council-Man in his Counting-House, nay, he may *D--mn* with a good Air, Dress well, Drink well, and even hum over two or three Opera Tunes, and pass in all the Wards of the City for a well-bred Person; but towards *St. James's* he won't pass muster, he must be sent to the Drill-Serjeant among the awkward Men, or else be return'd back to *Leaden-Hall*, like a counterfeit Guinea that won't go.

I have known that neither a Removal from *Portoken* or *Vintry* Wards, to *Hancover* or *Grosvenor* Squares, nor a compleat *Plumb*, nay nor even the Mirror of *Knighthood* itself, was able to erase the Impressions which a *Counter*, a *Leather Apron*, or a *Livery*, have left upon a Man's Manners. Indeed, in some of the dark Corners of the Kingdom, the People pay such a deference to Dress and Appearance, that I knew a Man, who was only a poor Helper in the Royal Stables at *St. James's*, that went down to the Place of his Nativity in *North-Wales*, in an old Scarlet Coat, with a little tarnished Lace upon

upon it, and was met at some Miles distance from the Town by the *Mayor, Aldermen, and Capital Burgesſes*, in their Formalities.

In the *Mall*, *Ladies* will walk four or five Miles in a Morning with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to *journey* from one End of their Chamber to the other.

I have ſeen a Beau ſtand reconnoit'ring the *Mall*, divided within himſelf in as many Minds as a Lady in a Lace-Chamber, or a Rake in a Bawdy-Houſe, to think which Set of Company he ſhall annex himſelf to; and to avoid the *fatal Conſequences* of making a *false Step*, uſe as much Caution as a prudent Parent would do in the matrimonial Diſpoſition of a Daughter. An *escaping Eye* hath often paſſ'd over a *Gentleman Uſher*, when a *Groom* of the *Bed-Chamber* has been diligently purſued from one end of the *Park* to the other. A plain *Iriſh* Lord ſhall be able to lead half a dozen *Laced Coats* up and down like ſo many Beagles in a String during pleaſure; and I have ere now ſeen him as much neglected, as an honeſt poor Family in diſtreſs, upon the ſight of a *Ribbon*; though 'tis ſurprizing to think what an attractive Quality every *Ribbon*, according to its Colour, hath in this place.

Here I took notice of a *Lady*, who was moving with ſuch awful State and Majeſty, that her graceful Deportment beſpoke her nothing leſs than a Perſon of the firſt Rank; all the Eyes upon the Valet de Chambre and Ladies Womens Walks, were directed towards her, and great Enquiry was made after her Titles. A *Counteſs*, who I thought was going to give her an Invitation to the Opera, or to make a party at Quadrille, gave her a gentle Reprimand, for loading

loading her fine *Brussels* Head and Ruffles with such a Quantity of *Starch*, that she said, they sat as heavy upon her as Crimes on a *Supercargo's* Conscience, and hoped that as she valued her Custom and Business, she would take more care for the future.

Tired with the Variety of Objects and Subjects that occurred, I sat myself down on one of the Benches near *Buckingham-House*. I find it is but giving a willing ear to Scandal, and there are Tongues enough ready to oblige you in this Place. A *Manteau-Maker*, whose Tongue ran as fast as a Chancery-Sollicitor's over a Bottle, was dealing out the Characters of every one in the *Mall*: 'That old French Fellow, says she, in the Green Coat, happen'd to have an Opportunity with a pretty young Lady, who perhaps had not granted it, if she had not depended on his Age for a Protection—he no sooner found himself alone with her, than he threw her on a Couch, and had certainly ravish'd her, if she had not call'd up two Servants to her Assistance.—But tho' he miss'd of his Aim, he has acquired no small Reputation for his Vigour; and there is a Lady, a great Pretender to Virtue, that once could not endure the Sight of him, now cannot drink her Tea without him, and cries him up for the best-humour'd Man in the World.—'Tis true, she does not seem to believe the Story that is told of him, and condemns the young Lady for her Folly, in not knowing how to take a Jest.'

She next pointed to a goggle-eyed Jew, of the Tribe of *Mordecai*. That Fellow, says she, is a constant Frequenter of the *Mall* three or four times a Week, particularly on *Sundays*. He is remarkable for his upright Gait, morose Speech,
and

and pretty smooth Countenance. He makes Love to almost every Woman he meets, and is so confounded amorous, that he forgets there are any Eyes observing him. On their Sabbath indeed, he is very formal and precise; but will whore, go to a Play, or Tavern in the Evening without Scruple, and cheat all that come in his way. That jolly Dame that walks by him, is Wife to one of his Dependants; she dresses in so elegant a manner, that she's envied by all the Women in her Neighbourhood, and admired by the Men.

That Finical young Fellow, says she, that walks in such Formality, is an Apprentice near the *Royal Exchange*; he is far nicer than Sir *Courtly* in his Dress, and so very neat about his Legs, that he often takes down his Glass in the Shop to admire them.

He is a great Frequenter of the Play-house, where, with the Assistance of Attorneys Clerks, Hackney Writers, and other learned Criticks, he applauds or condemns every new Play; these Gentry claiming to be *Representatives of the Town*, as they call it. He is all Noise and Nonsense, very proud and conceited. His only Wisdom terminates in the Repetition of some part of a Play, which serves him for Compliment or Banter, and generally for an Encouragement to his Folly. He struts and looks as big as the young Squire of *Alsatia* in the Play, and is as great a Cully to Jilts and Sharpers, who send him often home with his Pockets empty.

She then took notice of a Person of a venerable Age, his Clothes miserably greasy and shabby, his Face as pale and wan as if he had newly risen from the Dead; notwithstanding which, he still retained the Air and Appearance of one that had lived well in the World. That Gentleman, says she,

she, is no more like what he was three Years ago, than an Apple is like an Oyfter; he was then counted a topping Merchant, but some Misfortunes abroad, his amorous Inclinations, and frequent Visits at Lady M——n's Gaming-Table, have reduced him to what you see. While I was attending this Story, a flaunting young Jilt join'd company with him, and the old Fornicator mov'd off seemingly as well pleased as if he had been repossess'd of his former Fortune.

That fine Lady you see just stept out of her Chair (*said she*) is about five and forty; she has two very blooming Girls to her Daughters, who have been had by two or three, but particularly an elderly Gentleman of a vast Estate in the *West*: After he had possess'd the *Young Ones* for above two Years, he had a mind to *trace the Original*, and accordingly now carries on an Affair with the *Mother*, leaving the Daughters to shift for themselves, and the Mother has still more than a Colt's Tooth in her Head, for she refusing to give him a satisfactory Account of one of her Midnight Excursions, a furious Tempest arose between them, which had like to have proved fatal to a *French* Dancing Master, who was going to visit a Pupil in *Cavendish-Square*; a large Shower of China-Ware descending suddenly on his Head from a Two-Pair of Stairs Window, which cut the poor innocent Caperer in a most miserable manner.

Thus, said she, we see the fruits of Jealousy, but who can help the Faults of Nature? yet the censorious World makes no allowances for a warm Constitution, and the Prejudice of Education: Women must be Virtuous whether it's in their power or not. She was going on with a great
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deal more about this amorous Family, but the Execution of some Intrigue suddenly call'd her away from the Seat.

The Punishments Heaven has inflicted on an intemperate and debauch'd Life, are no where more manifested than on the Walk called *Constitution-Hill*. Here a libidinous Lord, cramped in Motion, tarnished in Colour, Crest-fallen, and plagued with impracticable Desires, is seen limping between two Supporters. These Wretches, one would think, had out-liv'd Temptation, and that Age had so congealed their Blood, that a Virgin's Bosom of Fifteen was hardly able to thaw it: And that neither the World nor the Devil could work up their Humours to irregularity; their Passions like Serpents in a Frost dropping their Venom, they move without Vigour, and almost without Life; they are so far from Capering, that like Criminals in Trammels, they can scarce stand. Thus to have one Foot in the Grave, and the other in the Chambers of Wantonness, is really surprizing. Few Men, like *Ætna*, burn within when they are Snow without. A white Head, and a glowing Heart seldom meet——

Next, an old rich Villain, either in a Litter or on Horse-back, with surly Looks, wrangling with Diseases, and cursing Nature, because she has not altered her Course and excepted him from the common Fate. But the most tragical Scene that has been known upon this Spot, was, that one Day, one of these *dry Sticks of Human Nature*, (whose Body having been very much emaciated by *Purges, Salivations*, and other such *Evacuations*,) was, by a sudden Gust of Wind, carried up into the Air, and never more heard of. To prevent which Accidents for the future, all
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our experienced *Whore-Masters*, and *Whore-Mistresses* in the same Circumstances, have got the knack of fixing themselves in Sedan Chairs, and have Men standing by to watch them; and others, such as subaltern Officers, Clerks in the publick Offices, and poor Players whose Incomes won't afford the like Conveniencies, have found out a Contrivance almost as good, which is by walking with leaden Weights in their Pockets.

Passing out at the *Spring-Garden* Passage, a Hackney Coach with a little *Blackmoor Boy*, was waiting on two *fine Ladies*, to whom I could do no less than present my Hand to help them into their Vehicle; where having compos'd their Petticoats, and conceal'd their Ancles from the lewd peepings of some idle Fellows at a Coffee-House Window, one of them put out her Head, and gave orders to stop at *Lady Larboard's* in *Ratcliff Highway*.

BEing tired with walking, I stept into a Coffee-house in this Neighbourhood. On my entering the Room, a Figure representing *Death* and *Hunger* made me several low Reverences, and seem'd as obsequious as a young Counsellor the first Day of Term, or the Beadle of a Parish before his Masters, by way of welcoming me into his Territories. When I came into the Room, the whole Company set their Eyes upon me, as though I had been a Picture-Shop; this Stare was followed by a general Whisper, to know who I was. After having look'd as shyly upon 'em, as a brocaded Captain upon a plain honest Tradesman, I took my Seat in this College of *Twopenny* Senators, as became a free-born *Englishman*.

A Person who pretended to have served as a Volontier in the Siege of *Prague*, was giving a most deplorable account of the terrible Slaughter and Havock, that was made of the Soldiers on both sides; describing in a particular manner certain cruel Accidents, that happened during the Siege: A Captain of the Train-Bands, who had fate very attentive to his Story, call'd out for a few *Hartshorn Drops* in a Glass of Water, begging withal, that the Discourse might be waved, as being a Subject too shocking and melancholly for human Ears, and a Christian Country.

The Son of a certain Mercer, not far from *St. Paul's* Cathedral, was throwing his Arms up and down like a Kettle-Drummer, or a *French* Protestant in a religious Dispute, and with great profuence, pointing out all the *Errors* Prince *Charles* had committed, in neglecting so many Opportunities of passing the *Rhine*. *There was the time he miss'd his Opportunity*, said he, *then it was he should have struck the Blow*. *Zounds, had I but taken a Soup with him before he attempted the Passage, I would have caution'd him not to have relied so much on his German Engineers, by whose Mistakes his Project miscarried.*

'Tis a shocking Reflection to a thinking Person, who hath any Bowels for his Country, to see such numbers of great Genius's misapplied; which had they acted in the Sphere Nature design'd them, might have prov'd of real Utility to their Fellow-Creatures, and the greatest Benefactors Heaven could have bestowed upon Mankind. In one place we behold a great *General* lost in a *Grocer*; in another a *Secretary of State* buried in a *Soap-Boiler*; here a Man that would

would have shone in the *Camp* and *Cabinet* directing a *Board of Taylors*; a *Lord High Admiral* is perhaps *distilling of Malt Spirits*; and a *Treasurer* making of *Periwigs*. How many great *Chancellors* and *Judges* have we not lost in *Mercers Journeymen*, *Attorneys Clerks*, and other self-sufficient *Gentlemen*. Not to mention what this unfortunate Nation hath suffer'd, in not calling in to her Councils, the Aid of several ancient Ladies, whose vast Abilities and superior Skill in Politics, have so conspicuously appear'd, in *Drawing-Rooms*, and at *Tea-Table Conversations*.

An *Usurer*, I observ'd, was under dreadful Apprehensions, from the Success of the *French* in preventing the *Austrians* passing the *Rhine*; and moreover, at a Report of a Squadron of *French* Men of War ready to sail from *Brest*, and several Regiments now lying at *Dunkirk*; these last gave him vast uneasiness indeed: The poor Creature, for he really mov'd my Compassion, declar'd that he had had for many Weeks past no more Peace of Mind, than a Sett of Gentlemen on their late Disappointment of the Honour of Knighthood, or a Maid of Honour under a Visitation of the Small Pox; for fear the *French* should take it into their heads, to come over hither, and reduce *Interest* to One and a Half *per Cent*. He assur'd me, that as he had a regard for his native Country, if I knew of any body that had Interest enough with the *French* King, to prevail on him to withdraw his Troops from the Sea-Coasts, he would willingly reward them with *Half a Crown*.

My *Landlord's* hungry meagre Aspect having given me a tolerable Appetite, I inquired for an
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safely to act all Villainy. His *Honour*, which should be agreeable to Justice and Honesty, he makes an Asylum to shield him from paying his Debts. His Bounty is extended only to Pimps and Parasites, whose whole Merit lies in their Adulations of his Person and Parts.

FOR the Benefit of the *St. James's End* of the Town, which includes the *Beau Monde*, Liberty is allowed to all *idle People*, of walking in the *Park*. Accounting myself one of the last Denomination, I determined to take a view of the *Mall*, famous for being the Rendezvous of the Gay and Gallant, who assemble there to see and be seen, to *censure* and be *censured*; the *Ladies* to shew their fine Clothes and the Product of the Toilet; the Men, to observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are generally very nice and very malicious. In this Place of general Concourse, People often join in the Company of those whom they either deride or hate; for *Company* is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the Place.

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upon it, and was met at some Miles distance from the Town by the *Mayor, Aldermen, and Capital Burgeses*, in their Formalities.

In the *Mall*, *Ladies* will walk four or five Miles in a Morning with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to *journey* from one End of their Chamber to the other.

I have seen a Beau stand reconnoit'ring the *Mall*, divided within himself in as many Minds as a Lady in a Lace-Chamber, or a Rake in a Bawdy-House, to think which Set of Company he shall annex himself to; and to avoid the *fatal Consequences* of making a *false Step*, use as much Caution as a prudent Parent would do in the matrimonial Disposition of a Daughter. An *escaping Eye* hath often pass'd over a *Gentleman Usber*, when a *Groom* of the *Bed-Chamber* has been diligently pursued from one end of the *Park* to the other. A plain *Irish* Lord shall be able to lead half a dozen *Laced Coats* up and down like so many Beagles in a String during pleasure; and I have ere now seen him as much neglected, as an honest poor Family in distress, upon the sight of a *Ribbon*; though 'tis surprizing to think what an attractive Quality every *Ribbon*, according to its Colour, hath in this place.

Here I took notice of a *Lady*, who was moving with such awful State and Majesty, that her graceful Deportment bespoke her nothing less than a Person of the first Rank; all the Eyes upon the Valet de Chambre and Ladies Womens Walks, were directed towards her, and great Enquiry was made after her Titles. A *Countess*, who I thought was going to give her an Invitation to the Opera, or to make a party at Quadrille, gave her a gentle Reprimand, for
loading

loading her fine *Brussels* Head and Ruffles with such a Quantity of *Starck*, that she said, they sat as heavy upon her as Crimes on a *Supercargo's* Conscience, and hoped that as she valued her Custom and Business, she would take more care for the future.

Tired with the Variety of Objects and Subjects that occurred, I sat myself down on one of the Benches near *Buckingham-House*. I find it is but giving a willing ear to Scandal, and there are Tongues enough ready to oblige you in this Place. A *Manteau-Maker*, whose Tongue ran as fast as a Chancery-Sollicitor's over a Bottle, was dealing out the Characters of every one in the *Mall*: ' *That old French Fellow*, says she, in ' the Green Coat, happen'd to have an Opportunity with a pretty young Lady, who perhaps had not granted it, if she had not depended ' on his Age for a Protection—he no sooner ' found himself alone with her, than he threw ' her on a Couch, and had certainly ravish'd ' her, if she had not call'd up two Servants to ' her Assistance.—But tho' he miss'd of his ' Aim, he has acquired no small Reputation for ' his Vigour; and there is a Lady, a great Pretender to Virtue, that once could not endure ' the Sight of him, now cannot drink her Tea ' without him, and cries him up for the best-humour'd Man in the World.—'Tis true, she ' does not seem to believe the Story that is told ' of him, and condemns the young Lady for ' her Folly, in not knowing how to take a Jest.'

She next pointed to a goggle-eyed *Jew*, of the Tribe of *Mordecai*. That Fellow, says she, is a constant Frequenter of the *Mall* three or four times a Week, particularly on *Sundays*. He is remarkable for his upright Gait, morose Speech,
and

and pretty smooth Countenance. He makes Love to almost every Woman he meets, and is so confounded amorous, that he forgets there are any Eyes observing him. On their Sabbath indeed, he is very formal and precise; but will whore, go to a Play, or Tavern in the Evening without Scruple, and cheat all that come in his way. That jolly Dame that walks by him, is Wife to one of his Dependants; she dresses in so elegant a manner, that she's envied by all the Women in her Neighbourhood, and admired by the Men.

That Finical young Fellow, says she, that walks in such Formality, is an Apprentice near the *Royal Exchange*; he is far nicer than Sir *Courty* in his Dress, and so very neat about his Legs, that he often takes down his Glass in the Shop to admire them.

He is a great Frequenter of the Play-house, where, with the Assistance of Attorneys Clerks, Hackney Writers, and other learned Criticks, he applauds or condemns every new Play; these Gentry claiming to be *Representatives of the Town*, as they call it. He is all Noise and Nonsense, very proud and conceited. His only Wisdom terminates in the Repetition of some part of a Play, which serves him for Compliment or Banter, and generally for an Encouragement to his Folly. He struts and looks as big as the young Squire of *Alsatia* in the Play, and is as great a Cully to Jilts and Sharpers, who send him often home with his Pockets empty.

She then took notice of a Person of a venerable Age, his Clothes miserably greasy and shabby, his Face as pale and wan as if he had newly risen from the Dead; notwithstanding which, he still retained the Air and Appearance of one that had lived well in the World. That Gentleman, says she,

she, is no more like what he was three Years ago, than an Apple is like an Oyfter; he was then counted a topping Merchant, but some Misfortunes abroad, his amorous Inclinations, and frequent Visits at Lady M——n's Gaming-Table, have reduced him to what you see. While I was attending this Story, a flaunting young Jilt join'd company with him, and the old Fornicator mov'd off seemingly as well pleased as if he had been repossess'd of his former Fortune.

That fine Lady you see just stept out of her Chair (*said she*) is about five and forty; she has two very blooming Girls to her Daughters, who have been had by two or three, but particularly an elderly Gentleman of a vast Estate in the *West*: After he had possesst the *Young Ones* for above two Years, he had a mind to *trace the Original*, and accordingly now carries on an Affair with the *Mother*, leaving the Daughters to shift for themselves, and the Mother has still more than a Colt's Tooth in her Head, for she refusing to give him a satisfactory Account of one of her Midnight Excursions, a furious Tempest arose between them, which had like to have proved fatal to a *French* Dancing Master, who was going to visit a Pupil in *Cavendish-Square*; a large Shower of China-Ware descending suddenly on his Head from a Two-Pair of Stairs Window, which cut the poor innocent Caperer in a most miserable manner.

Thus, said she, we see the fruits of Jealousy, but who can help the Faults of Nature? yet the censorious World makes no allowances for a warm Constitution, and the Prejudice of Education: Women must be Virtuous whether it's in their power or not. She was going on with a great

deal more about this amorous Family, but the Execution of some Intrigue suddenly call'd her away from the Seat.

The Punishments Heaven has inflicted on an intemperate and debauch'd Life, are no where more manifested than on the Walk called *Constitution-Hill*. Here a libidinous Lord, cramped in Motion, tarnished in Colour, Crest-fallen, and plagued with impracticable Desires, is seen limping between two Supporters. These Wretches, one would think, had out-liv'd Temptation, and that Age had so congealed their Blood, that a Virgin's Bosom of Fifteen was hardly able to thaw it: And that neither the World nor the Devil could work up their Humours to irregularity; their Passions like Serpents in a Frost dropping their Venom, they move without Vigour, and almost without Life; they are so far from Capering, that like Criminals in Trammels, they can scarce stand. Thus to have one Foot in the Grave, and the other in the Chambers of Wantonness, is really surprizing. Few Men, like *Ætna*, burn within when they are Snow without. A white Head, and a glowing Heart seldom meet—

Next, an old rich Villain, either in a Litter or on Horse-back, with surly Looks, wrangling with Diseases, and cursing Nature, because she has not altered her Course and excepted him from the common Fate. But the most tragical Scene that has been known upon this Spot, was, that one Day, one of these *dry Sticks of Human Nature*, (whose Body having been very much emaciated by *Purges, Salivations*, and other such *Evacuations*,) was, by a sudden Gust of Wind, carried up into the Air, and never more heard of. To prevent which Accidents for the future, all
our

our experienced *Whore-Masters*, and *Whore-Mistresses* in the same Circumstances, have got the knack of fixing themselves in Sedan Chairs, and have Men standing by to watch them; and others, such as subaltern Officers, Clerks in the publick Offices, and poor Players whose Incomes won't afford the like Conveniencies, have found out a Contrivance almost as good, which is by walking with leaden Weights in their Pockets.

Passing out at the *Spring-Garden* Passage, a Hackney Coach with a little *Blackmoor Boy*, was waiting on two *fine Ladies*, to whom I could do no less than present my Hand to help them into their Vehicle; where having compos'd their Petticoats, and conceal'd their Ancles from the lewd peepings of some idle Fellows at a Coffee-House Window, one of them put out her Head, and gave orders to stop at *Lady Larboard's* in *Ratcliff Highway*.

BEing tired with walking, I stept into a Coffee-house in this Neighbourhood. On my entering the Room, a Figure representing *Death* and *Hunger* made me several low Reverences, and seem'd as obsequious as a young Counsellor the first Day of Term, or the Beadle of a Parish before his Masters, by way of welcoming me into his Territories. When I came into the Room, the whole Company set their Eyes upon me, as though I had been a Picture-Shop; this Stare was followed by a general Whisper, to know who I was. After having look'd as shyly upon 'em, as a brocaded Captain upon a plain honest Tradesman, I took my Seat in this College of *Twopenny* Senators, as became a free-born *Englishman*.

A Person who pretended to have served as a Volontier in the Siege of *Prague*, was giving a most deplorable account of the terrible Slaughter and Havock, that was made of the Soldiers on both sides; describing in a particular manner certain cruel Accidents, that happened during the Siege: A Captain of the Train-Bands, who had fate very attentive to his Story, call'd out for a few *Hartshorn Drops* in a Glass of Water, begging withal, that the Discourse might be waved, as being a Subject too shocking and melancholly for human Ears, and a Christian Country.

The Son of a certain Mercer, not far from *St. Paul's* Cathedral, was throwing his Arms up and down like a Kettle-Drummer, or a *French* Protestant in a religious Dispute, and with great profuence, pointing out all the *Errors* Prince *Charles* had committed, in neglecting so many Opportunities of passing the *Rhine*. *There was the time he miss'd his Opportunity*, said he, *then it was he should have struck the Blow*. *Zounds, had I but taken a Soup with him before he attempted the Passage, I would have caution'd him not to have relied so much on his German Engineers, by whose Mistakes his Project miscarried.*

'Tis a shocking Reflection to a thinking Person, who hath any Bowels for his Country, to see such numbers of great Genius's misapplied; which had they acted in the Sphere Nature design'd them, might have prov'd of real Utility to their Fellow-Creatures, and the greatest Benefactors Heaven could have bestowed upon Mankind. In one place we behold a great *General* lost in a *Grocer*; in another a *Secretary of State* buried in a *Soap-Boiler*; here a Man that
would

would have shone in the *Camp* and *Cabinet* directing a *Board of Taylors*; a *Lord High Admiral* is perhaps *distilling of Malt Spirits*; and a *Treasurer* making of *Periwigs*. How many great *Chancellors* and *Judges* have we not lost in *Mercers Journeymen*, *Attorneys Clerks*, and other self-sufficient *Gentlemen*. Not to mention what this unfortunate Nation hath suffer'd, in not calling in to her Councils, the Aid of several ancient Ladies, whose vast Abilities and superior Skill in *Politics*, have so conspicuously appear'd, in *Drawing-Rooms*, and at *Tea-Table Conversations*.

An *Usurer*, I observ'd, was under dreadful Apprehensions, from the Success of the *French* in preventing the *Austrians* passing the *Rhine*; and moreover, at a Report of a Squadron of *French* Men of War ready to sail from *Brest*, and several Regiments now lying at *Dunkirk*; these last gave him vast uneasiness indeed: The poor Creature, for he really mov'd my Compassion, declar'd that he had had for many Weeks past no more Peace of Mind, than a Sett of Gentlemen on their late Disappointment of the Honour of Knighthood, or a Maid of Honour under a Visitation of the Small Pox; for fear the *French* should take it into their heads, to come over hither, and reduce *Interest* to One and a Half *per Cent*. He assur'd me, that as he had a regard for his native Country, if I knew of any body that had Interest enough with the *French* King, to prevail on him to withdraw his Troops from the Sea-Coasts, he would willingly reward them with *Half a Crown*.

My *Landlord's* hungry meagre Aspect having given me a tolerable Appetite, I inquired for an
Ordinary,

Ordinary, and was indeed directed to a most elegant one, at another *Coffee-House* not far from the *Mews*. When I came thither, a Gentleman-Usher ty'd up in a blue Apron, conducted me into a handsome Room among a promiscuous Company, who I perceiv'd were unacquainted with one another. Not a Word or a Smile pass'd for a considerable time; so that we sat like so many Mutes in the *Jerusalem Chamber*; till the Silence was at length broke, by some mention of the Motion and Struggle in the House of Commons to remove the late Minister. Upon which a Gentleman said, he had some reason to remember that troublesome Business, as being but newly recover'd from a violent Illness, contracted by his rigid Attendance *in the House*, when that Affair was upon the Tapis: By which he gave us to understand, that he was no less than a *Member of Parliament*.

Another complain'd of the great Number of *Robberies* and *Riots*, that were daily committed within the Bills of Mortality, to the great Scandal of the Christian Religion and the Dishonour of the Nation, and the great Trouble it gave the *Magistrates*, for that he had been *Committing* and *Binding* over all the Morning. By this he gain'd his Point, in letting us into the Secret of his being a *Justice of Peace*.

A third, a very corpulent Creature, having recover'd himself from a violent Fit of Coughing, acquainted us, that as we had had one of the most plentiful Seasons for Hay and Corn, that had been known in the Memory of Man, so we were like to have as good a Winter Season; and that he had Assurance for what he advanc'd,
from

from a *Brother Common-Council Man*, who was newly return'd out of the *Northern Parts* of the Kingdom. This Intelligence was received with the greatest Applause of the whole Company.

A young Gentleman in a *Laced Hat*, with a huge *Cockade* fasten'd to it, confirm'd this Account, by affirming, that some few Days before he had receiv'd from *his Lieutenant* in Quarters, a Letter to the same effect. By which, and some other Circumstances he gave us light into, I could see the sensible Pleasure he took, in perceiving we were all satisfy'd, that he was a *real Captain*, and in *full Pay*.

A fourth Person fell into a tedious Story, making as many Stops and Pauses in it, as *P--t--r W--lt--r* when he's paying away a large Sum of Money, to inform us of a vigorous Opposition he once gave in *his Vestry* to an Over-Rate, that was going to be impos'd upon the Parish, of which he had the honour to be *Church-Warden*.

He was interrupted by an odd sort of a Fellow, who complain'd bitterly of the *Easterly Wind*, because of the ill Effects it had on an old Contusion he got by a Fall from his Horse, when he was riding Post to *dine with the Grand Pensionary*: He was entering into a *pleasant Joke*, the King of *France* once put upon him at *Fountainbleau*, when a Message call'd him away from the Table. His Absence gave one of the Waiters an opportunity to inform us, that the *Gentleman* was a neighbouring *Apothecary*.

A sober sort of a Person hearing of a Contusion, next wiped his Mouth, and expatiated a long

long while upon the Subject of Wounds, Death and Danger, and said himself had once the most miraculous Escape, that perhaps ever happen'd to an Officer of the Militia ; and that was, when the worthy Lieutenant-Colonel of the Train'd-Band Regiment (in which he had the Happiness also to bear a Commission) had like to have been hurt by the bursting of a Musquet-Barrel, in *Totbill-Fields*, he had the honour to be within *thirteen* Yards of him.

Thus Pride makes us all Children, when it gets uppermost. The first that calls a Man a Fool, is himself ; and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery, by *keeping his Tongue within his Teeth*, as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the Effect of good Sense, which is never very forward ; but if his Tongue betrays him, and shews him a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame for passing Sentence, when he himself has confess'd the Guilt.

I Now directed my Course towards *Covent-Garden*, where entering into a hedge-kind of a Tavern, the *Hibernian Society* of Fortune-Hunters, and Affidavit-Men, it seems, were then sitting on some important Affairs: By the Favour of a Waiter, I procured a Copy of their Votes and Resolutions for the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty-Three ; which, for the Benefit of the *Fair-Sex*, *Trades-People*, and *Others*, I have here made publick, viz.

Jovis 3 Die Novembris 1743.

A Petition of *Thomas Brown* alias *Maccoy*, a Member of this Society, was presented and read; setting forth, That on or about the 25th of *September* 1743, he was violently assaulted in an open Place near *Henrietta-street*, by Mr. *H——* for no other Reason, than that the said *Brown* alias *Maccoy* had in the Discharge of the Business of his Function, and the Support of his four Wives, taken from the Person of the said Mr. *H——* a small-siz'd Gold Watch, which he immediately deliver'd over in Trust to a Friend in the Presence of the said Mr. *H——*; who nevertheless caus'd the Petitioner to be deliver'd into the hands of a Constable, and carried before a Justice of the Peace, by whom he was put in great Terror, and even in Danger of his Life, by a Writing drawn up at the Command of the said Justice, and by him signed, importing, that the Petitioner was to remain a Prisoner in *Newgate*, until discharged by due Course of Law, &c. That while they were conveying the Petitioner to the said Prison of *Newgate*, in order to put their wicked Designs against his Life in Execution, a sufficient Number of the Members of this Society, armed with Clubs, Swords and Staves, and inspired with a Love of Liberty, appeared about 8 or 9 in the Evening near *Holbourn-Bridge*, and there rescued the Petitioner out of the Hands of the Peace-Officers, and thereby prevented their evil Purposes taking effect; that the Petitioner hath ever since been obliged to skulk about in Disguise, and cannot appear in Safety at this Board, without the Assistance of this Society.

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Order'd,

Order'd, That the Petitioner's Case be referred to the Consideration of the Society's Solicitors.

Order'd, That the said Solicitors do lay before the Board an Estimate of the Expences in defending Prosecutions brought against the Members of this Society, for Forgeries, Felonies, Bigamies, and Perjuries, from the Year 1736, to the Year 1743 inclusive, distinguishing each Year.

Complaint being made that great Numbers of the Members of this Society are detain'd in Custody of the Law, in the Prison of *Newgate*, some only on Suspicion of *Debt*, and others on very *frivolous* and *trifling* Accusations; such as *Rapes, Robberies, Riots, Murders, Treasons, False-Coinings, False-Pollings, Forgeries, Perjuries, Bigamies, Polygamies, &c.*

Order'd, That the Keeper of the said Goal of *Newgate*, be summon'd to attend this Board, on *Friday* next, with a List of the Names of the Persons so detain'd in his Custody; to the end proper Measures may be taken for their Relief and Discharge.

A Message from the Lord M—— by Mr. *Borrow*, Professor of Perjury on the Midland Circuit, importing, that divers Members of this Society having been stript of their All, must of necessity be soon oblig'd to *turn-out*, unless properly relieved by this Society.

Resolv'd, That such of the Members of this Society, as have been so stript, be put upon the *Affidavit-List*, till they have *run into Money* again, or shall be otherwise provided for.

Order'd, That the Committee for the *Affair of Heiresses*, do attend Col. *Mac-Blunder*, at his Lodgings to-morrow Morning, by nine of the Clock,

Clock, and then and there in the Hearing of the Family, make such honourable mention of the said Colonel's high *Birth, Worth*; and other Merit, as may enable him to obtain in Marriage a beautiful young Lady, of a very considerable Fortune.

Resolv'd, That the new Method of going into the Shops of the most considerable Bankers in the City, and asking trifling Questions, as when such and such Persons will be in Town, &c. has been of very singular Service to the Members of this Society, because of the Reputation acquired by being seen to come out of such Places in the face of the Publick at Mid-day.

A Petition of *Mary Merry-Tail*, late of the *Hundred of Drury*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Spinster, was presented and read; setting forth, That she the said *Mary* hath for some Years past duly paid an annual Sum to this Society, for a *Safeguard* to protect her in the free Exercise of her *Function*; that she is at present detain'd a Prisoner in *Bridewell*, destitute of all Necessaries; and being restrain'd from her *Business*, must inevitably perish, unless aided by this Society, with *Moneys* and *Testimonies* to obtain her Enlargement.

Order'd, That the Committee for *Characters* do repair forthwith to the proper Magistrate, and certify for the Birth and Behaviour of the Petitioner; and if it be found necessary, that the Sum of three Shillings and Four-pence be paid unto some *Grenadier* to swear himself her Husband, lawfully married in the City of *Dublin*; so that the Petitioner may be discharg'd from her Confinement.

Resolv'd, That *Morrice Mac-Bully*, in Consideration of his having paid in his Contribution-
D 2 Money,

Money, be at liberty to retire to some of the darkest Parts of *England*, as *Oxfordshire*, *Devonshire* or *Dorsetshire*, in quest of an *Heiress*; and that he have leave to assume the Dignity of a *Baronet*, until he be possess'd of a *Fortune*, suitable to his Inclinations; then that Honour to revert again to the Society, for their farther Use.

A Petition of *Christopher O Credulous*, was presented and read, setting forth, That he the said *Christopher* had, with great Difficulty, obtain'd the pretended Widow of a Shop-keeper in the City, whose Fortune he did judge would amount to the Sum of Two Thousand Pounds, and upwards, for which he had many seeming good Authorities; that being supported out of the Stock of this Society, he proceeded with the utmost Caution; that in a Day or two after his Marriage, he (to his great Grief and Surprize) found his Wife to be of the County of *Kerry*, and was the Day after that arrested for her Debts, amounting to One Thousand Pounds; and being now detain'd in the Prison of the *Poultry*, prayeth the Society to take his unhappy Case into their serious Consideration.

Order'd, That the said Petition do lie upon the Table.

Order'd, That Captain *Mac-Shammock* have Leave to assume, use and exercise *Four* different Names, such as his Occasions and Circumstances shall require.

A Petition of Mr. *O Calves-Face*, the Society's standing Council, was presented and read, praying he may have leave to keep his Chambers and Practice, on the second or third Floor, on account of his mortal Aversion to the first Story, since his standing on the Pillory for Forgery.

Order'd,

Order'd, That Leave be given to Mr. *O Calves-Face*, according to the Prayer of his Petition.

Order'd, That the Committee for *Common-Bail*, be impowered to sit every *Monday* and *Friday* in the Forenoon.

And the Committee for *Evidence*, every *Sunday* in the Evening.

The Board being inform'd that great Numbers of young Fellows of the *Growth* of *Great-Britain*, do make it their sole Business to ~~trade~~ and asperse the Members of this Society, to all the Women of Fortune and Fashion who fall in their Way, to the great Scandal and Reproach of this Society, and the Hindrance of their Schemes and Designs :

Resolv'd, That the Committee for *Blood-and-Ounds* be immediately arm'd with a Commission of *Fire and Sword*, to chastise this insolent Behaviour, to the end those Practices may be prevented for the future.

Resolv'd, That a Sum not exceeding ten Pounds and ten Shillings, be paid unto *Patrick O Rapit*, Citizen and Oath-maker of *London*, for his good Services at the *Old-Bailey*.

Complaint being made, that *Frederick Faithless* a Master-Taylor, had refus'd to give Credit to divers Members of this Society for *New Suits*, notwithstanding he had their respective *Words* and *Honour* pledg'd in his hands, for the Payment of such Sums as they should become indebted to him on that account :

Resolv'd, *Nemine Contradicente*, That the said *Faithless* be declar'd a *Rascal and Scoundrel*, and that the Committee for Drubbing be impowered to take measure of his Body for the said Offence.

Order'd, That *Philip O Finikin*, according to the Prayer of his Petition, have Leave to put himself

himself into *deep Mourning*, as for the Death of some near Relation; and that Care be taken to get it inserted in some of the Publick Newspapers, that he is thereby become possess'd of a very considerable Fortune.

Order'd, That *Dermont O Kettle*, Footman to the Countess of *Kill-Chairman*, a Member of this Society, have Leave to commence a Love-Suit against Miss *Want-it*, a Six Thousand Pound Fortune; but that he prosecute the same in no other Quality, than that of a Gentleman of five Hundred Pounds *per Ann.* in the *North of England*.

Ordered, that a small *Purse* be given unto *Martha Makewater*, Mantéau-maker, by way of Present, as a Gratuity for the many and useful Informations she has given to this Society, of the Places of Residence, Circumstances, Dispositions, &c. of single Gentlewomen.

Ordered, That Leave be given to Captain *Patrick Hallaloo*, to change the Place of his *Nativity*, from the County of *Tipperary*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, to the County of *Berks*, in the Kingdom of *England*, for sundry Reasons to himself best known.

A Petition of *Michael Mac-Taudry* of *Monmouth-Street*, Salesman, was presented and read, praying he may be re-imburs'd the several Sums of Money he hath expended for *Suits*, *Swords*, and other *Necessaries*, deliver'd from *May 1736*, to *May 1743*, for the use of this Society.

Ordered, That the said Petition be referred to the Consideration of the Committee, for *borrowing of Moneys and beating Bailiffs*; that they do enquire into the Allegations thereof, and report the same with their Opinion thereupon to the Society, on *Doomsday* next at Eleven in the Afternoon.

Resolved,

Resolved, That in order to support *David In-Debted*, *Patrick Fitz-Fire*, and *Peter Fitz-Fury*, Esqs; Members of this Society; Leave be given them to assume the Characters of *Gentlemen of the Army*, or *Students in the Inns of Court*; and that *Michael Mac-Taudry*, of *Monmouth-Street*, the Society's Taylor, doth forthwith equip them with Necessaries suitable thereunto.

The Board being acquainted, that Captain *Smell-Blood* attended at the Door with a drawn Sword, in order to prove that he had slain a *Taylor* within the *Verge of the Law*, he was call'd in and examined at the Table, and the Case appearing to be true, he was ordered to withdraw.

A Motion being made, and the Question being put, That Captain *Smell-Blood* having DROPT HIS MAN, is thereby become entitled to the Honours due on such Occasions: It pass'd in the Negative, the Deceased being but a *Taylor*.

Ordered, That Leave be given to the *Lord Viscount O Shamster*, to marry a Number of Wives, not exceeding *Six*; that he may be thereby render'd capable of discharging his just Debts.

Vera Copia.

Shadrech O Shim-Sham Secret.

TURNING out of *Covent-Garden* to go into the *Strand*, I was accosted by several *Beggars*, maim'd, lame, and lazy. As *Pity* is often by our selves and in our own Cases mistaken for *Charity*, so it assumes the Shape, and borrows the very Name of it; a *Beggar* asks you to exert that *Virtue* for *Jesus Christ's sake*, but all the while his great Design is to raise your *Pity*. He represents to your view, the worst side of his Ailments

ments and Bodily Infirmities; in chosen Words he gives an Epitome of his Calamities, real or fictitious; and while he seems to pray to God, that he will open your Heart, he is actually at work upon your Ears; the greatest Profligate of them flies to Religion for Aid, and assists his Cant with a Doleful Tone, and a study'd Dismality of Gestures: But he trusts not to one Passion only, he flatters your Pride, with Titles and Names of Honour and Distinction; your Avarice he soothes with often repeating to you, the Smallness of the Gift he sues for, and conditional Promises of future Returns, with an Interest extraordinary, *beyond the Statute of Usury*, tho' out of the reach of it. People not used to great Cities, being thus attack'd on all sides, are commonly forc'd to yield, and cannot help giving something, tho' they can hardly spare it themselves.

When Sores are very bad, or seem otherwise afflicting in an extraordinary Manner, and the Beggar can bear to have them expos'd to the cold Air, it is very shocking to some People; 'tis a shame, they cry, such Sights should be suffer'd: the main Reason is, it touches their Pity *feeling-ly*, and at the same time they are resolved, either because they are Covetous, or count it an idle Expence, to give nothing, which makes them more uneasy. They turn their Eyes, and where the Cries are dismal, some would willingly stop their Ears, if they were not ashamed. What they can do, is to mend their Pace, and be very angry in their Hearts, that Beggars should be about Streets. The only thing the industrious Beggar has left to conquer these fortified Hearts, if he can walk either with or without Crutches, is to follow close, and with uninterrupted Noise tease and importune them, to try if he can make
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them buy their Peace. A young hale Fellow approach'd me in the *Strand*, with a most melancholy Aspect: *Booth* never shone greater in the Character of *Cato*; nor *Wilks* in that of *Hamlet*, than this Villain in his Crutches. I took out a couple of Pence, praying his Acceptance of that Trifle, as an Earnest of the Sense I had of his great Genius and Capacity, and that had I been a Person of Fortune and Figure, I should have been as great an Encourager as I was an Admirer of *Arts* and *Sciences*.

While I am on this Topick, I must beg leave to give an Account of a Ramble I one day took into the Heart of the good Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*; where I stood staring and gaping about, like the Mayor of a Country Corporation in the *Court of Requests*, being surrounded on all sides by Thieves, Knaves and Beggars. At length I came to a Place call'd the *Infant-Office*, where young Children stand at Livery, and are lett out by the Day to the Town-Mendicants. The first Scene that presented was a little Villain of about 7 Years old, who, upon my asking him some Questions, told me that his Father had been a House Carpenter in *Dublin*, where he broke his Neck by a fall from a Scaffold, in repairing a Cellar Window, and died about seven Years before he was born. A Woman of above 50 would needs hire a Baby that was sucking at the Breast; and another, who had a Complexion as fallow as a *Portuguese* Sailor, must forsooth be accommodated with a Child as fair as a smock-faced Parson. One Woman hired no less than four for the Day, two she pack'd up behind her like a *Scotch* Pedlar's Budget, the third was to run by her Side bawling

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ing out for Victuals; and the fourth she held in her Arms, like a tuneable Instrument to be *set to Musick*, when she came in the view of any seemingly well-disposed People. An ancient Matron, who had the superintendency of the Office, held forth in her Arms a pretty Poppet of about a Year old, telling them there was a sweet innocent Picture, a moving Countenance, that would not fail making a Serjeant at Law feel for his Half-pence, and might extort Charity even from a Divine. A Beggar Woman, who was vastly in Arrear for the Lett of Children, being refused any longer Credit till she had paid off the old Score, made no more to do but throw an old ragged Riding-Hood over her Shoulders, cursing 'em all for a Parcel of unchristian old B—tches, in forcing her to tell the Town ten thousand Lyes, by saying she *had three poor Infants sick at home*.

Every one being suited according to their Circumstances and Convenience, it was not altogether an unpleasant Sight, to behold this little *Auxiliary Army* march off, to lay a great Protestant City and its Suburbs under *Contribution*.

I Now proceed in my Passage through the *Strand*, where stands *Exeter-Exchange*, a Place which is said formerly to have furnished the Men of Quality with most of their *Mistresses*; but a tolerable Face having not been visible here for many Years past, that *Trade* is removed mostly to *Tavistock-Street*, and the chief Apartments converted to more *serious* and *solemn Uses*. The Worshipful Company of *Carcass-Catchers*, good Men! how chearfully do they pay the *last Duties* to their Fellow Creatures; what Pains, what Care and Expences do they

they not undergo to perform the melancholy Office! As we must all one time or other submit to that awful Necessity of Nature, *Death*; so I believe every Corpse above Ground will desire as decent an Interment as its Circumstances will admit of; but the extravagant Pride of some People, in going to their Graves dress'd in *Lace* and *Velvet*, has greatly enhanc'd the Price of Interment: The *Bills* for ordinary Funerals being of late become so exorbitant, that few trading or midling People can afford to rot at the unreasonable Rates the Undertakers now charge; nor do I see any Remedy for this Evil, their Bills not being so liable as other Peoples to Taxation. A late very covetous Gentleman at *St. James's*, being on his Death-Bed, and hearing the Sum-total of his Burial, bequeath'd his *Body* to the *Royal-Society*, to be repositied among their *Rarities*, rather than it should undergo the *Expences* of a Funeral.

I take the Business of a *Dead-Monger*, to differ but little from that of a *News-Monger*, as depending in a very great measure upon *early Intelligence*; with which, it seems, they are amply supply'd, by the Coachmen and Footmen of the most eminent practising Physicians, who daily deliver in a Paper call'd the *Sick-List*; containing an Account of the Qualities and Maladies of the Persons who fall under their Master's Visitation; together with an Account of the Progress of their respective Diseases. Their Prices are as follow, *viz.*

	s.	d.
For the News of the first Fit of an Apoplexy. —————	00	06
For the second Fit, ditto. —————	01	06
For the third and last Fit. —————	02	06
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<i>For a Small-Pox, provided the Patient be attended by two or more Physicians.</i>	} —01	s. d. 06
<i>For a Cold, and the Prospect of a Fever,</i>	} —00	04
<i>For the Knocking of a Door tyed up, provided the House goes at the Annual Rent of 20 l.</i>	} —00	04
<i>For a high Fever, the standing Price all the Town over.</i>	} —01	06
<i>For a DEATH.</i>	—05	00

If any of these can sound the Servants of the *sick Person*, and learn that Part of the Will relating to the *Funeral*, 'tis not at all amiss; but if it proves a *private Interment*, the News is almost too bad to be reported.

Their other Correspondents are the *Chairmen*, who by their constant Attendance upon the greater Sort, are very useful Hands. These *Low-beel'd* Gentlemen shall wait as impatiently for the last Gasps of a Person of Quality, as the Heir-Apparent, or a *Jew* for an Opportunity to debauch his Wife's *Maid*; the *Porter* at the Door no sooner gives out the Word *DEAD*, but these *human Horses* are fled express to all the *Burial Offices* in Town; it being the constant Custom for every one of them to pay for the Intelligence, though they *miss the Jobb*. There are indeed some great Families which keep as constant to their *Flesh-Monger*, as to their *Fish-Monger*. In these Cases 'tis common to keep a *Diary* of every one's Health: But if any happen to fail of Appetite for two or three Days, and a Physician or two has been seen at the Door, 'tis enough, all Hands are set to work, so that a leaden Coffin shall be preparing with the utmost Diligence,

gence, while the Person for whom it is intended shall be sitting very innocently at an Opera ; and it has been frequently known, that the compleat Furniture of a Funeral, even the very Hatchment, has been ready at least six Months, waiting for the Party's expiring.

Passing by *Somerset-House*, upon the first Day of Term, I observ'd a Number of People assembled about a *Foot Soldier* and a *Barrister* at Law, who being engaged together in very high Words, I enquired into the occasion of the Dispute, and was informed the Case stood as follows, *viz.* It being Execution-Day at *Tyburn*, and the Hackney Coaches most imploy'd in transporting the *Butchers* Consorts thither, the *Lawyer* was footing it down to *Westminster*, and happen'd to piss within a Yard or two of the *Soldier's* Post, who had put him under Arrest, on his refusing to pay the Penalty due on such Occasions. The *Barrister* insisted very strenuously on the *Centinel's* producing the Statute in this Case *made and provided*, and cited several *Precedents* and *Authorities* to prove the Lawfulness of p--sing against the Palaces, which he said had been practis'd in all Ages and Nations, without Interruption, 'till this Time. The *Soldier* declared that the Sum in question, which was but poor *Six-pence*, was more his Property than the *Coat* on his Back, and instanced several Cases wherein it had been paid by *Lieutenant-Generals* ; adding, that the Act against Mutiny and Desertion, never intended that the Servants of the King and People should be liable to such mean Insults, without a Compensation ; and though they were a People placed the last in the Rolls of *Fortune*, they stood the first in the Lists of *Honour*. The *Barrister* re-
joined,

Joined, and humbly apprehended, that by the standing Laws of the Kingdom, no Man ought to be fined, or amerced, but in a more regular and judicial way ; and fairly offered to submit it upon this Issue, That if the Soldier would undertake to prove the Offence was not a lawful and necessary Occasion, in which all the free-born Subjects of England were to be protected, he would stand convicted.

After the Case had been thus *specially argued* for near three Quarters of an Hour, the Mob call'd out for the *Question, the Question* ; which was stated and put as follows : ' Resolv'd, That ' it appears to this Assembly, that *Lawrence Litigious*, of the *Middle Temple* Esquire, stands ' indebted to *Leonard Lack-shirt*, of the third ' Regiment of Guards, Gentleman, the Sum of ' Six-pence, good and lawful Money of *Great-Britain*. It pass'd in the Affirmative, *Yea's 17, No's 11*. The Lawyer mov'd to *set aside the Judgment*, but that was *over-ruled* ; and I remember the Man march'd off with the more ' Uneasiness, because he said, *It was a d—n'd ill Omen to lose a Cause so early in the Term.*

The Streets and Highways in the City and Liberty of *Westminster*, and the Passages leading to both Houses of Parliament, (notwithstanding such large Sums of Money are annually rais'd for their Repair,) are in such disorder, that a Man is tofs'd about like a Gin Informer, before he can get to them ; and some of the Members have been so jumbled about in their Chairs and Chariots, that it has been near an Hour ere they could recover the Use of their Limbs and proceed to Business. A *Commoner* being overturned in his Chariot in *King-street*, went immediately to the

the House, and in very lively Terms remonstrated against the Badness of the Ways, setting forth the pernicious Consequences that might attend their not being speedily repaired, and mov'd for a Bill to be brought in accordingly. Another Member oppos'd the Motion with much Warmth, urging amongst other Reasons, that as the publick Companies for serving the Town with *New-River* and *Thames-Water* were continually laying down or amending their *Pipes*, such a Bill would prove to little or no purpose; to which the first Member reply'd, *that if the Water-Companies Pipe, then the Members of both Houses must Dance.*

Near the *New-Church*, a Heap of Rubbish overturn'd a Hackney-Coach, which brought a Gentleman from *Whitechappel* in it, within a Door or two of the Place he order'd to be set down at: The Fare demanded the Benefit of the Custom in this Case made and provided, and the Coachman begged as earnestly to be considered something, as the Misfortune proceeded from no Negligence of his. A large Number of People assembled about them, and took part with the Gentleman, telling the Coachman he must be content, and submit to the Disaster, there being no Remedy whatever but the Gentleman's Generosity. The Fare, upon this seeming Decision of the Case, told the Coachman, *you hear what the Mob says*; the Populace one and all, resenting their being called *Mob*, cry'd out, *You Scoundrel, why don't ye pay the poor Man his Fare? You a Gentleman, to take the advantage of such an Accident!* and began to pelt him with Mud and Dirt most unmercifully.

A sudden Shower of Rain drove me one day into a noted Coffee-House in this Neighbourhood ; here I observ'd a good Number of *Thick-Legg'd* and *Broad-Shoulder'd* Fellows tolerably dressed, cursing themselves and every body else at a most extravagant rate : One was asking if such a *Nobleman* had not been to enquire for him ; another cursing his *Taylor* ; a third praying for the Arrival of the *India Fleet* ; while others sate railing at the Wind, for not handing their *Remittances* from a neighbouring Nation ; and some d—ning the *Red-Letter'd* Day, because the *Bankers* transacted no Business on it. These Circumstances induced me to believe them a People of no small Importance, and rais'd my Curiosity to enquire their Characters and Businesses. The *Lady* at the Bar, to whom I address'd myself for Information, gave me an account, that some of them were *Counsellors* without Law, or Clients ; *Gentlemen of the Army*, without Commissions, whose Eyes had ne'er seen a Campaign, nor Hands drawn a Sword in Wrath, unless against some poor Devil of a Bailiff ; but were by the Courtesy of the Coffee-House call'd *Majors*, *Captains*, &c. That others were *Merchants* without Effects ; *Landed-Men* without Estates, and *Students* that could neither read nor write : but concluded with this paradoxical Character, that yet most of them *liv'd upon what they HAD*, which she cared not for explaining.

Meeting with an old Acquaintance just by *Temple-Bar*, whom I had not seen for some Years, I enquired how Affairs went on in the Town ?
 ' Why faith, *Tom*, much as they did when you
 ' left it. Intrigues are carried on in all Parts of
 ' it, from *St. James's* to *Limehouse-Hole*. Interest
 ' and

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' Town. Pride and Iniquity run away with
 ' Mankind : Our Youth are debauch'd at Four-
 ' teen, and our Old Men lewd at Fourscore.
 ' Fools rail at Mismanagements to be thought
 ' fit for Places, and every busy Rogue that can
 ' read an *Advertiser*, or *Gazetteer*, sets up for a
 ' Politician : Armies and Fleets are manag'd in
 ' Coffee-Houses, where you shall see abundance
 ' of Politick Faces with empty Noddles. Since
 ' the Middle of the last Age, our way of Living
 ' is no more *English* ; like our Language, it's
 ' pieced up of *French* and *Italian* ; and to com-
 ' plete the *Ollio*, we have thrown into the Com-
 ' position the Vices of *Holland* and *Germany*. The
 ' Nobility withdraws from the Country into
 ' Town ; that noble Hospitality peculiar to our
 ' Nation is out of Use, and almost out of Me-
 ' mory, and those Largeesses that entertained the
 ' Poor, run into another Channel : Play sweeps
 ' away one Part, gay Equipages or Whores the
 ' other. In the mean time, the Countries are
 ' drain'd of Men and Money : Some run to
 ' Town to spend Estates, and others to gain
 ' them. The ancient Seats of the Nobility are
 ' let out to *Jack-daws*, and *Screech-Owls*, or
 ' tumble under the Weight of Time, and Cattle
 ' graze upon their Ruins.'

Chancery-Lane, I'm told, is the Night-Scene of
 a great deal of obscure Gallantry, among Ser-
 jeants Clerks and Judges Footmen ; a Market
 where *Half-pence* pass in current Payment, and
 abundance of dirty *Love ready-made* is hung out
 to Sale, at reasonable Rates. I remember a Fe-
 male Practitioner, who had undergone a great
 deal of bodily Exercise in the *Temple*, being once
 carried before an Alderman of the City to be
 examin'd,

examin'd, the Prostitute impudently told his Worship, *that had she as much Law in her Head, as she had in her Tail, she doubted not making one of the ablest Counsel in the Kingdom.*

PAssing along *Fleet-street*, and consequently in the Ward of *Farringdon Without*, put me in mind of an Entertainment I met with at a rich Citizen's in that Ward, in the *Christmas* Holidays; the History of which I shall divert my Reader with. When I went in, I found the Dining-Room full of Women, to every one of whom I made a profound Bow, and was repaid in a whole Circle of Court'sies: Having, after some Ceremony, taken a Seat among them, we had a profound Silence for near half a Minute, notwithstanding the Number of Females present: For my part, I had fixed my Eyes upon the Fire, meditating with my self what I had best to say. While I was in this Study, I could hear one of them whisper to another; *I believe he thinks we smook Tobacco*: For my Readers must know, I had omitted the City Custom, and not kiss'd one of the Ladies.

In a few Minutes our great Parliament of Females resolv'd themselves into Committees of Two's and Three's all over the Dining-Room; and I perceived that every Party was upon a different Subject. In one Corner was a learned Gentlewoman who talk'd much of Steel-Water, and I think she said something of opening a Vein in the Ankle: Upon casting my Eyes that way, I saw a pale-faced Girl of Eighteen listening to her with great Attention. Another Knot had got under Examination an innocent young Woman, who it seems came from the City of *Norwich*, and had put herself under the Care of the

modest, ingenious, and famous Oculist Dr. *What-a'ye-call-him*, for the Cure of a Cataract in one of her Eyes; but the Remedy indeed proved worse than the Disease, for the unhappy Girl declared she was then in such a condition, *that she was afraid she should never be able to See Nor Folk again as long as she liv'd*; which Words pronouncing in a drawling Tone, put the whole Company into a Fit of Laughter. Another Party of them had got the Character of some City Lady on the *Tapis*; some said, *she was more beholden to Art than Nature, for the Delicacy of her Complexion*; and others, that *she wore false Hair*; another of these Envyers protested, *her Teeth were not her own*. No, no, added another, *she lost them when she was under Cure for a loathsome Disease, which she pretends her Husband gave her*; but I know who she had an Affair with at that time, and he died of it. Well, well, cry'd another, affecting a little more Good-Nature, *take her all together the Woman is very tolerable, but you must not examine her*—— I do believe *she was a fine Creature ten Years ago*. But if it was not for Art, the Decay would be very observable—— *She has liv'd very irregularly*, said a fourth; *she drinks hard, and is as great a Debauchee in Private, as ever a Fellow in Town is in Publick*.—— In this manner did they take the poor Lady to pieces, forgetting all the while they were endeavouring to make her be thought less worthy of Esteem, their own Charms lost more by the visible Malice that sat upon their Features than all they could say could cast on hers.

A jolly red-faced Woman with a great Wart upon her Nose, said, *was it not a burning shame, that so many thousand Presbyterunts should be suffered to live in a Protestant Nation, what wasn't the*

the 30th of January a coming? A little brisk Widow animadverted very smartly on the Indignities that had been offer'd to the Church since the Death of good Queen Anne; complaining of the Banishment of the meek and pious Bishop Att—b—y, the punishing of Parson N—xon with Fine and Imprisonment, and the dism—mbring Parson P—l at the Gallows; an Action so barbarous and shocking, she said, that it ought never to be forgotten or forgiven, while there was a true Church-woman in the Nation.——Another Gang of them were saying, Poor unfortunate Wretch, she fainted away at Church last Sunday. Aye, and well she might, she girds herself so tight in her Stays, says one; and yet, answers a second, she can't hide it neither. Hide it, says a third, that's impossible; Why she has been squeamish this Quarter's Year, and fainted the other Day at the Sight of a Lobster: And yet let me tell you, says the first, they say he won't marry her after all.

Much more was said on this Affair, but all the four happening to talk at one time, I could not, in that Confusion of Tongues, distinguish any other Particulars. A Cabal under the Window, seem'd to be more secret than all the rest, and from them I could only bring away the following Whisper: 'Tis certainly so; he was seen to come out of her Window at two in the Morning, and in half an Hour her Husband came home: But Murder will out one time or other. A Cluster of Wives, I observ'd, were calling for a Bible, to decide a Dispute they had enter'd into, *whether Minc'd-Pyes or Plumb-Porridge, were the properest Food on Christmas-day.* A devout old Lady argued against Plumb-Porridge, which being a kind of Broth or Jelly, was, she said, *a carnal Repast, apt to stir Concupiscence, and ill Thoughts, and consequently unfit for that holy*

holy time. You cannot imagine with what Warmth this abstemious old Woman was answer'd, by a couple of Ladies thirty Years younger than herself. *What!* cry'd they, *an unfit Repast for that holy Time!* *Why, 'tis a Festival Time, in which we ought to be merry ourselves, and endeavour to make those who belong to us so too: For my part,* said one of them, *I hope to go to bed with a chearful and willing Heart, every Night of the Holidays, and I hope the same of Mr. ———* here she named her Husband.

The old Woman smiled, and shaking her Head, and sighing as if Age had been her greatest Grief, was falling into a Discourse about Husbands, Capons, and Marrow-bones; but to my great Sorrow, a Call to the Tea-Table put a stop to this delightful Controversy. They went into one Parlour to their Tea, and we Men into another Room to our Bottle, over which I was entertain'd with a tedious Repetition, of the Elections of *Common-Council-Men, Aldermen, &c.* But as even the most engaging Conversation is, when too long, sometimes cloying, having smoak'd my Pipe in due Silence and Attention, I took a trip to the Ladies. When I made my entrance, the Topick they were on was Religion; in their Sentiments about which they were terribly divided, and debated with such Agitation and Fervour, that I grew in pain for the China Cups. But they happily departed from this warm Point, and unanimously fell a back-biting their Neighbours, which instantly qualified all their Heat, and heartily reconciled them to one another; insomuch, that all the time the Business of Scandal was handling, there was not one dissenting Voice to be heard, in the whole Assembly.

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The beauteous *Helen* seems to have so great a Similitude in Manners, with many of the *English* Women, that 'twill appear an easy Transition to come down from those *Toasts* of Antiquity, and shew by what Steps and Variations the *British Ladies* have arrived at the excessive Politeness they now enjoy; to make *Feasts*, and sit at the upper end of the Table, seems to have been the utmost Ambition of our *Great-Grandmothers*; they said their Prayers in their Closets, and seldom went to *Play-Houses*, or Places of Diversion; such as *Vaux-Hall*, *Ranelagh-Gardens*, &c. where as much Money is spent in one Evening, as would keep a Family a Week formerly. The very Thoughts of *Masquerades*, would have put them into a Swoon; and the Sight of *Heydegger*, would have terrified them, as much as one of their *Church-yard-Spirits*. They never insisted on that wicked Innovation, call'd *Pin-Money*, for they had no other Expences, than what were supplied from the Husband's Purse: To lie in separate Beds with them, was downright *Atheism*: Their Eyes had not been taught to roll, and were Strangers to those evil Practices used by their Daughters. No obscene Plays, nor *Loves of Pluto and Proserpine*, were bespoke at the Desire of several *Ladies of Quality*: But now these Virtues of our elder Matrons are exploded, and 'tis counted Ill-Breeding but to know them: your *Pin-money* (the Parent of many Ills) at present procures Woman's whole Utensils, *Operas*, *Masquerades*, a *Pew* in a *Church*, and a new *Gown and Petticoat*: These are indeed the most general Expences in the *Pin-money* Account; but could we make a Scrutiny into the Conduct and Employment of that Money,

Money, we should find considerable Sums embezzel'd for secret Services. What boldness then must the Man be indued with, who would venture on one of these fashionable *Belles* for his *Household Wife*, and chuse such a Mate to go hand-in-hand through the Difficulties of Life? For these Gentlewomen I am speaking of, find no other Use generally in a Husband, than to give them an Opportunity of acting their Designs with a better Grace. Nor will he find his Interest in marrying a Lady of a better Fortune than his Estate required, if she is thus *politely Educated*: More Expences than he could possibly imagine in the Simplicity of Celibacy, will croud in upon him.

• **I** Now went on towards *Ludgate*, a Prison for Freemen only. As I pass'd under the Gate-way, I was surprized at hearing a Voice, which I thought I was acquainted with, very importunately demanding Relief; and going nearer, found it to be the spendthrift Son of a very covetous rich Miser, who sat brooding on his Bags, and only knew the Care of getting, but not the Use of Gold. The *Wealthy Beggary* of such griping Fathers makes the Hands of Sons so open. After putting a piece of Money into the Begging-Box, he told me, if I pleas'd, I might be let in, and take a view of the Inside, which he assur'd me was not quite so entertaining as the Outside. Embracing the Proposal, I was admitted, and shall give a short Description of the Place. It is guarded like *Marseilles* with Blood-hounds, who daily bring in Prisoners upon Horses, call'd *Duce facias's*; and is much like the Apples of *Sodom*, better for Sight *without* than *within*. Its whole Prospect from the Inside
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are Iron Grates, where through every Tranſen, the forlorn Captives may take a View of the *Iron Age*; there is one ſingle Entrance, which, like Hell's Gate, lets many in, but few out; turn once the Ward—*Et veſtigia nulla retrorſum*. The *Cimmerians*, in their Dwellings, reſemble theſe in their Lodgings, only their Lights are different; thoſe receive ſome ſcattered Beamlings, by their Mountain Crannies, theſe by their diſconſolate Loop-holes. Yet from *above*, the Inhabitants may take a View of all thoſe Places, which club'd to their Reſtraint: And be remind- ed of the Loſs of Time, which brought them thi- ther. The *Governour* hereof, is Careleſs whence they come, but infinitely Cautious how they go away; and if they go without his Favour, they are in great danger to break their Necks for their labour.

This *Place* holds as much as the World; all its Inhabitants are either good or bad; here is a good Priſoner, and he makes Contemplation his Reſection; nothing can confine him, which Earth can afford him. Here is a fat ſensual Pri- ſoner, who is content with any Place, that may belull his cloudy Underſtanding, in a careleſs Sleep; Freedom and Bondage are indifferently equal to his fruitleſs Pilgrimage. Here is the lean Priſoner, who, one would think, had procured ſuch a Divorce from his Fleſh, as if he had once entered into Covenant with his Spirit, whoſe weak exhausted Features, proceeding from the defective Reverſions of a Trencher, merits Pity, bearing the Characters of his Penury, in the fallow Colour of his Phyſiognomy. To be out at Elbows here, is to be in Faſhion, it being a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. The Priſoners here reſemble ſo many Wrecks on the

Sea; here the Ribs of five hundred Pounds, there the Relicks of a Shop well furnished, and a good Portion with a Wife. The Company, one with the other, is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have to rail at Fortune, and fool themselves; and there is a great deal of good Fellowship in this. The Mirth of this Place is but feigned, where over a large *Dose*, they endeavour to keep themselves from themselves, and so drown the Torment of thinking what they have been. They huddle up their Lives as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it.

As for their Religion, I can speak little of it; only this, they pray not in common Form, but that the Commons may meet in Form, in order to an *Act of Grace*; and no Sin sticks so close to their Consciences, as that they ever paid any thing to their Creditors in part. They believe Liberty to be Heaven, Money the Guardian Angel that conducts them thither: They hold there is a local Hell, which is placed in the Centre of a Prison, and their Creditors the Devils which torment them. They believe there are several *Purgatories*, the Principal whereof do lie in *Woodstreet*, and in *Grocer's Alley*, where *paying* instead of *praying* gives Deliverance.

Seeing a Drove of Prentices in Woollen Caps, followed by Shoals of Shoemakers, Weavers, and Watermen, pressing down the *Old-Bailey*, I inquired the meaning of all this Hurly-Burly; and was informed, that at the *particular Desire of the Law*, the Tragi-Comedy of the *Dark Leap*, was going to be performed that Morning, at the *Theatre near Paddington*: for which purpose, the

the *Actors* were then preparing to begin their Cavalcade from *Newgate*. Curiosity suffered me soon to be borne down by the Torrent, to the very Outworks of this famous Fortrefs; where in less time than a P—r can say his Prayers, or an *Irishman* perjure himself in *Westminster-Hall*, a Pail or two of Water so sluic'd me from Head to Foot, that had an Anticourt Author been coming out of the Pillory, a Reprieve arriv'd for all the Malefactors, or the Devil to fetch away the Executioner, the loud and joyful Acclamations, my polite Countrymen pour'd out on this Occasion, could not have been exceeded.

An *Oyster Damsel* highly delighted with my Misfortune, altho' both her *Eyes* stood behind a deep Intrenchment of an *azure* Colour, thrown up perhaps in some drunken Quarrel, perceiving me under no small uneasiness at the liquid Situation of my Apparel, cry'd out, *Marry come up and be d--mn'd to ye, I'll warrant you'd debar the poor Souls if you cou'd from having a little Fun, before they go out of the World.*

With much difficulty I forc'd my way up the Stone Stairs which led to the Hall, where these unhappy Travellers have their *St. Pulchre's Boots*, as they are called, taken off before they set out upon their long Journey. I had here no sooner recover'd the use of my Arms and Hands, but I found my self in the state of a stript Bankrupt before the Commissioners in the *Irish Chamber*; my *Watch*, *Keys* and *Tobacco-Box* having made the tour of my Pockets: however, finding Means to pacify and pass the *Cerberus*, posted at the great Iron Door, I was no sooner entered, but I fancy'd my self at a *Tennis-Court* or the *Tili-Yard* Guard-Chamber, from the delightful Conversation that pass'd between the good Company,

waiting to see the Ceremony of the Investiture of the Halter.

A *Turnkey* kept jostling me to take notice of the Behaviour of a little rough-faced *Sailor*, with a speckled Handkerchief, hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches: That Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree, and do Honour to our Execution; observe how negligently he palms his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how stedfast are his Eyes on his Mawks, and how regardless of the Minister. *Ab!* adds he with a deep Sigh, *what a fine thing it is to die well, and what would I not give to be certain of making so good an End?*

Two *Street-Robbers* received much comfort, in the Assurances given them, by one of their *Doxys*, that she had engaged a sufficient Number of her Friends from the *third Regiment*, to secure their Carcasses from being *Atomiz'd*.

A Fellow of a genteel Deportment, who was much deplor'd by the better sort of the Spectators, complained grievously of the Verdict that had passed upon him, saying, that had it been given for 40,000 *l.* instead of 40 *s.* in the room of passing in a dirty Vehicle to *Tyburn*, he had been flying in his Coach and six to *Bath* or *Tunbridge*, to receive the Compliments of the *Beau Monde*.

A *Butcher*, who seem'd to be as busy about the Place, as a Bailiff at a Horse-Race, or an Adjutant at an Exercise, threw himself into the most violent Agony I ever beheld a Man in, to find that his dear Friend *Joe*, who was going to suffer for about a score of Robberies on the High-way, should, after all his boasted Courage, snivel to the Ordinary, and die a Dunghill * at last.

But

* A Term used in *Newgate* for a Penitent.

But a *Youth* that had received the Benefit of some School-Learning, appeared to be under a deep Melancholy, because, as he said, he apprehended *their Sufferings were not to terminate with the Execution*; and when he expressed himself in this manner, I observed his Eyes were pretty earnestly fixed upon the Writer of the *Dying Speech*.

A Clergyman, who was assisting the Ordinary in his Duty, took much pains with a young Lad, shewing him the comfortable Promises in the Gospel, to such as truly repent of their Sins. The Spark looking with a composed Countenance upon him, said, *Pray, Sir, of what College?* — *If it will be of any Service to thee, I am of Merton*, answers the Minister. — *D—mn my Eyes, if by your knack at Sweetning, I didn't believe you had been bred a Confectioner.*

On a sudden, a Fellow like a *Prize-fighter*, proclaim'd with a bloody Oath, that a Reprieve and free Pardon for one of the Prisoners, was just arrived. In an Instant a Spirit of Joy and Geneva diffused itself over the Place; but a *Serjeant* of the *Foot Guards* appeared to be under great Anxiety, saying, it was little matter of Joy to him, in that his *Kinsman* had discovered such a pusillanimous Behaviour under his Condemnation, as had already rendered him the Jest of all the *Geneva Shops and Night-Cellars in Town*; and that he would never be able to shew his Head again, on the *Parade* or at *Broughton's Amphitheatre*: What, says he, to refuse a *Dram* for the sake of *Drelincourt*, and sink an *Oath* to oblige the *Ordinary*! He was going on in this manner, when a *Smith-field Horse-Courser* interfered in behalf of the *Delinquent*, and said, he could no longer bear to hear poor *Jemmy* abused in such a manner; and offered

offer'd to rap an Affidavit, that being one day in the Cells with him, he actually heard him outswear a Captain of Grenadiers, or a Company of drunken Bailiffs in a Tavern-Kitchen. This was acknowledg'd by one of the *Runners* to the Jail to be true; but then indeed, the Man cou'dn't deny but that it was a full Fortnight before the Dead Warrant came down. Next, a *Brandy-Smuggler*, a *good sort of a Man*, us'd his kind Offices for composing the Difference, and reconciling the Relations to one another; he own'd *Jemmy* had been highly to blame, in bringing a *Slur* upon himself and Family, by his timorous Conduct; but hoped that as he had now seen his *Error*, he would neither want Sense nor Leisure, to *repent* of his *Repentance*.

Two *elderly Women* decently dress'd in *Black Crape*, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman of Quality when she drives by the Door of her *Mercer*, were curs'd like a pair of Dice at a Hazard-Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a *Surgeon*; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a *Welch Dean* and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the *Gallows* to do their Duty. A pretty corpulent Man that stood near me, and whose *Plate-Button Coat* denoted him the Master of some *publick House*, was so kind as to inform me that those *Gentlewomen* were the Agents of the *Surgeons*, who gave them pretty good Wages, for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors; for which purpose they attended in Hackney-Coaches, as constantly at every Execution, as *Rain at a Review*, or *Ladies at a Rape Trial*; and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies, for the Use of their Masters

sters the Gentlemen of the Faculty; while the real Mothers, who have waited near the Tree, with scarce any Clothes at all on their Backs, have not only had the mortification to see the Remains of their unhappy Children carried off in Triumph for Dissection, but also run a risque of being massacred by the Mob, on a false Suspicion of their being in the Interest and Pay of the Surgeons.

At last out set the Criminals, and with them a Torrent of Mob bursting thorough the Gate, like a *West-Country Barge* with a Flash of *Thames Water*. Thousands were pressing to mind the Looks of them. Their *quondam* Companions more eager than others, break through all Obstacles to take leave: And here you see young Villains, that are proud of being so, (if they know any of them) tear the Clothes off their Backs by squeezing and creeping thro' the Legs of Men and Horses to shake Hands with them; and not to lose before so much Company the Reputation there is, in having had so valuable an Acquaintance. All the way from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, is one continu'd Fair, for Whores and Rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandon'd Rascals may light on Women as shameless: Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness. Where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is no where very thin, the Rabble is the rudest; and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his Companion in the Kennel; and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire.

No

No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial, the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them weather-beaten Fellows, that have mispent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig actually putrify'd, squeez'd up in a Corner, recommending a Dram of it to the Goers-by : There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock, with several Bottles in a Basket, stirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity : And further off you may see the Head of a third, who has ventur'd in the middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in the irregular Stream : Whilst higher up, an old decrepid Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her, in a Soldier's Coat, her termagant Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch.

It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion, all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows ; and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sheriffs Officers, Constables and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other ; the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swingeing Sticks and Blood, that fly about the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all, the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seem to be tired, and glad it is over.

This

This Tragi-comical Scene led me into the following Reflections: Among extraordinary Sinners, and Persons condemn'd for their Crimes, who have but that Morning to live, one would expect a deep Sense of Sorrow, with all the Signs of a thorough Contrition, and the utmost Concern; that either Silence, or a sober Sadness, should prevail; and that all, who had any Business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves at least with common Decency, and a Deportment suitable to the Occasion. But the very reverse is true; The horrid Aspects of Turnkeys and Jailors in discontent and hurry, the sharp and dreadful Look of Rogues that beg in Irons, but would rob you with greater Satisfaction, if they could; The Bellowsings of half a dozen Names at a time, that are perpetually made in the Enquiries after one another; The variety of strong Voices, that are heard howling in one Place, scolding and quarrelling in another, and loud Laughter in a third; The substantial Breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this; The Seas of Beer that are swill'd; The never-ceasing Outcries for more, and the bawling Answers of the Tapsters as continual; The Quantity and Variety of more intoxicating Liquors, that are swallow'd in every Part of *Newgate*; The Impudence and unseasonable Jests of those, who administer them; their black Hands and Nastiness all over: All these join'd-together, are astonishing and terrible; without mentioning the Oaths and Imprecations, that from every Corner are echo'd about for Trifles; or the little Light and general Squalor of the Goal itself, accompanied with the melancholy Noise of Fetters, differently sounding according to their Weight.

H

But

But what is most shocking to a thinking Man, is, the Behaviour of the Condemn'd, whom (for the greatest part) you'll find either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest Ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impenitent; whilst the *Ordinary* bustles among them, and shifting from one to another, distributes Scraps of good Counsel to unattentive Hearers; and near him the Hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their Delays; and as fast as he can, does his Part in preparing them for their Journey.

I remember when I was last in *London*, three *Weavers*, who had been convicted at the *Old-Bailey*, for breaking and robbing several Houses in *Spittle-Fields*, were, upon the Report made to the King, order'd for Execution; they were accordingly carried to *Tyburn* together in one Cart. But the *Journeymen-Weavers* fearing that the shameful *Exit* of their Brethren, might bring a lasting Reproach upon the Fraternity, had artfully enough prevail'd upon the *Hangman* to suffer himself to be arrested in a Fob-Action, and hurried away to a Spunging-House. The Prisoners waited several Hours under the Gallows for a Person to perform the Operation, all the Endeavours of the Sheriff's Officers to procure one, proving ineffectual; so that in the Evening the Criminals were convey'd back to *Newgate*, where the Keeper absolutely refus'd to receive them, till he had consulted the *Lord-Mayor*, or other of the City Magistrates. During this Suspence, *Meff*, one of the Malefactors, rose up in the Cart, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes, cry'd, *Lord! what three miserable Dogs are here, that this Day, Newgate and Tyburn have refused us!*

I now pass'd on towards *Cheapside*, where I overtook an old Acquaintance, hurrying along between two ill-looking Fellows; he desired I would not interrupt him, because he was going much in haste to '*Change*. I was heartily glad to find he had fallen into the Mercantile Way, and wish'd him Success in his new Undertaking: Before I had got to the *Poultry*, his Wife was at my Heels in a Flood of Tears, begging I would do the Favour to be one of her Husband's *Bail*. I told her, he had but just before inform'd me, that he was passing to the *Exchange*. *Aye, God help him*, reply'd the Woman, to *exchange his Habitation for a Prison*, unless some kind Friend will stand by us in this Difficulty. I cast an Eye upon several *Shopkeepers* and *others*, who, if they persevere in their present Course of Life, will with my Friend be soon going to '*Change*.

There are a sort of *Citizens*, I am inform'd, who make a practice of borrowing Money of every Acquaintance they meet, and when they have *struck* a Friend for a *Piece* or so, can no more keep their Words for the Payment of it, than a Translator the *sixth Commandment*. These are call'd *Rowellers*, and are a wandering sort of People, who, like the *Tartars* never abide long in a Place, but remove often, carrying *all* that they have about them. You may know 'em from any other People by these Marks following :

If any of them walk the Streets, to be sure at the Lane's End he looks behind him, and after he hath turn'd out of Sight, he mends his Pace, in an extraordinary degree of Footmanship, till he hath gain'd some ground of the Followers ;

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and then he makes another stand to take notice whether any of them have arriv'd thither, with more than ordinary Speed. If a Creditor starts suddenly upon him, he puts on as serious a Countenance, as a Soldier at divine Service, and after some shuffling Excuses, tells him he's as sure of his Money, as a *Plaintiff* in the *Marshalsea* Court is of carrying his Cause; and damns his poor Soul as often as a Corporal of Grenadiers shall do about the trifling Motion of a Firelock, that he shan't be out of it a Week longer. He loves variety of Apparel, and hates (if he has it) to be known long in a Suit. Ask him the Question, and he will give you an Account of all the Taverns with Back-Doors, and envies the *Increase* of the *Moon*, more than the Decrease of his own Fortune. He is a great Enemy to Idleness, for if he hath any thing to do in the Space of half a Mile, he generally goes two Miles about, to avoid many troublesome Faces, that might otherwise happen in his way. These Gentry may be parallel'd with the *Jews*, who are a mix'd People, born in several Places, yet coming from one Stock, and are as much *Infidels*, occasioned by the *Infidelity* of others.

ARriving at the *Exchange*, I begg'd leave to sit down in one of the Pamphlet-Shops, where the Labours of the *Learned Authors* and *Carvers* of *News* are retailed at very reasonable Rates. These are a generous Sort of Men who daily vend their Histories and their Parts by Pennyworths, and lodge high, and study nightly, for the Instruction of such as have the Christian Charity to lay out a few Farthings for these their Works; which, like Rain, descend from the Clouds, for the Benefit of the lower World. Many of our
Papers

Papers are justly charg'd with *Tediousness*, *Uncertainty*, and *Tautology*; and as to the filling them with *Trifles* and *Absurdities*, the Instances of it are obvious and numerous, *viz.*

1. " We hear, that a Centinel of the Army is
" to be tried to-morrow by a Regimental Court-
" Martial for Profane Swearing.

2. " On Monday last one Mr. Scribble, a
" Student in Lincolns-Inn, being disorder'd in his
" Senses, threw himself out at a Cellar Window,
" whereby his Brains were dash'd out, and he
" instantly died.

3. " We hear, that a Charter is preparing
" to pass the Seals for the Worshipful Company
" of Frying-Pan Makers, against next Shrove-
" tide.

4. " 'Tis confidently asserted, that a certain
" noted Quaker of this City, eminently skill'd in
" Heraldry, will be made Garter King at Arms,
" in the Place of Mr. A——.

5. " We hear, that about Christmas, the
" Grocers of the City of London, and Suburbs
" thereof, will be taken up with divers weighty
" Affairs.

Nay, 'tis but t'other day, when one of our Papers publish'd, that a certain Countess had been brought to bed of a Grand-daughter; and the Story being in *Print*, there went a vast Train of Men-Midwives and Ladies to the House, to be satisfied of the Truth of the Relation.

We often catch an Author fighting Battles and unfighting them in the same Paper. The mention of Cannon and Gun-powder sets his daring Heart on fire, and he seems even fonder of dipping his Pen in Blood than Ink. These *Daily* and *Weekly* Statesmen, with a Dash of their Art,
can

can fend a Man of Quality to his Grave, dispose of his Family, Fortune, and Employments; and in a Day or two after, recall him to Life again.

There are such Contrasts in the Business of Authors, Printers and Publishers, that to the rest of Mankind are amazing. If the Government chastises them for any Misdemeanor, it is accounted the greatest Blessing that can befall them; *Punishment* being a real *Benefit*, and *Confinement* the boasted *Liberty* of the Press: A Book or Pamphlet ordered to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman, being the most agreeable News that can come to the Proprietors of the *Copy*; and I have been credibly inform'd, that if this Favour was to be purchased, there is not a Bookseller in *London*, but would give an handsome Sum to have all the Books in his Shop *fir'd* in the same manner. A Warrant now and then from the Secretaries Office, is a singular Advantage to a young Beginner; a Book having many Times been brought to the *Ninth Edition*, by the Printer's only taking Coach with a Messenger to the *Cockpit*; when, perhaps, *six* single Copies had not been sold fairly off, but for this Assistance.

I remember a Pamphleteer in the late Reign, sentenc'd to a heavy Fine and Imprisonment, for treasonable Practices, when almost one half of the *Stationers Company* went down to *Westminster* to give the Man Joy, and ask what County he design'd to *purchase* in.

The *Pillory* is an Estate certain to any one, who will accept of the *Post*; for the Sale of a Libel always rises in proportion with the Sufferings of its Author.

I knew a Printer who obtain'd a pretty tolerable Fortune, by only procuring a State Messenger

ger to call and take a Dinner with him, two or three times a Month, at his House in the City; and another, who was every Day expected to be sent to Goal for Debt, that luckily chanc'd to be sent for to *Whitehall*, to receive a Reprimand. The Thing proved the making of the Man, for he soon retrieved his Affairs, and now lives in extraordinary good Circumstances. But now, alas, these *Golden Days* are over; the *Ministry* seem determined to take no notice of the Libels daily propagated, and by this Neglect to starve both Authors and Printers.

In my Peregrinations through the City, I could not help observing that the Dissenters are much degenerated from their former way of keeping the *Sabbath*; I can remember when a Mouth durst not to have opened on that Day without a Text of Scripture or a Prayer; nay, every Feature in the Face, and every Bone in the Body, must have kept Holy the *Seventh Day*. To have refresh'd the Joints with a Walk, or the Countenance with a Smile, would have been as bad as Sacrilege or Murder, it would have been prophaning the Day, and closing with the Temptation of the Devil: But now alas the Case is quite otherwise with too many of them, who can on the Lord's Day prefer *Saddler's Wells* to *Salter's Hall*, and a *Bottle* to the *Bible*.

And as for *Fasting*, which has been much practised by holy Men of old, though the Name remains, the thing is now-a-days much laid aside. There are indeed some who, with the help of a Pint of Chocolate, or a large Piece of Bread and Butter in the Morning, are now and then Piously disposed to Fast till the Evening; then by eating a double Meal, beg pardon of their
 Godliness,

Godliness, and sacrifice to their Belly for having sinn'd against it. In short, this Generation, whether they have consulted Carnal Reason, or the Example of their Teachers, I cannot tell; seem to be of Opinion, that God Almighty can have no Pleasure in beholding his Creatures ill-favoured and hide-bound: and it must be own'd, that his Ministers in every Country keep themselves so Plump, and in such good Case, as if they placed but little Devotion in the Gripping of the Guts.

I must confess that *Eating* is a help to Good-Humour: I know a certain Alderman in this City, who from his first getting up in a Morning, makes it his constant Employment to scold at his Family till he sits down to Dinner, and then the first Mouthful of Pudding calms his fretful Heart, and makes him pleas'd with all the World. He is particularly fond of Beef, which he calls Protestant Victuals, and ascribes the glorious Victories of *La Hogue* and *Hochstedt* to it; and says there is Religion and Liberty in an *English Sir-Loin*.

There is nothing so necessary in Conversation as a *Diamond Ring*, tho' most Authors are silent about it; the Art of using it is still more necessary than the Thing itself. A just Extension of the Arm, towards the Close of a Period, and thereby a proper Discovery of the *Brilliant* on the little Finger, adds an irresistible Force to every Argument; and this I believe is a true Reason why the Left-Hand has a greater Share in every Debate than the Right. Now 'tis a Misfortune to such plain Fellows as my self, who are not bless'd with the Gift of Persuasion by a Diamond, but are only endued with a Pair of Ruffles, which are impartially conferr'd on either Hand, that our Reasoning

Reasoning is as unsuccessful as if we had ne'er a Hand at all. My Advice to my Fellow-Sufferers is (what I take my self) never to extend both my Hands at once, in the Warmth of Dispute, upon any pretence of the Motion's being so very easy and familiar, or that both are equally qualified for Controversy with Ruffles; for, besides the Robustness and Violence of the Action, we make it thereby self-evident that we want that great Talent of a Disputant, *a fine Ring*. Therefore my Method is ever to extend only the Right-Hand, and reserve the other in my Bosom, or in a Glove, or under the Table; which (as I with pleasure observe) gives the ingenious Antagonists some Perplexity, to discover whether I really want that *Accomplishment*; or else depending on my own Superiority in the Question, I scorn to bring forth a decisive Argument to insult their Incapacity.

But I who profess my self a Master in the Art of modern Conversation, must by no means suffer my Pupils to be ignorant that there are other Auxiliary Arguments of great use in Conversation, besides the Triumphant one above mentioned. A Pair of Ruffles were once very successful, but are now grown so common that their Force is lost, unless they are of the laced sort: And here now arises great Disputes among the *Literati* at *Dick's*, and *George's*, whether the *Mechlin* or *Brussels* be preferable. For my part I have search'd into this Controversy, with all the Care that the Importance of it deserves, and must confess, that in my poor opinion, the *Brussels* has infinitely the preference, both in Antiquity and Success; having discover'd by diligent Inspection into ancient Copies, that *Cicero* in all his Orations used *Brussels* Lace, both for his Bands and Ruffles;

tho' at the same time (for I would not suppress any Truth) it must be own'd, that the Beaus soon after that Age run into the Use of *Mechlin*. As for my self, I have so much love for Peace and Uniformity in Dress, that to avoid giving offence to either Party, I content my self with *plain Cambrick*, and wish that both Parties would be persuaded to lay aside their Prejudices, and sincerely join to promote the Science of dressing finely, so necessary to *Modern Conversation*.

The *City-Beaus*, to their immortal Honour, have one excellent Talent for Conversation; I mean the Art of introducing a green Purse with fifty Guineas in it, into every Dispute, and judiciously chinking them in the Hand, to the utter Confusion of the *destitute* Opponent: This Method is practised visibly enough, in every Coffee-House about the *Exchange*; I therefore recommend it to all my wealthy and dear Pupils, if ever they are in danger of being beat out of their Argument, that they would only remember to wager their Purse in defence of it, especially if they suspect the Antagonist's Incapacity; Silence then ensues, and the Victory is sure. I have often (as well as my Brother Authors) submitted to this shameful Defeat.

I could say a great deal on the Science of *saying nothing* in *Conversation*: It would contribute prodigiously to the Repose of publick Places, if those pert, lively, and very familiar Animals the Beaus, were as dumb as the Apes of which they are the Representatives: But on the other hand, how insolent is that stiff, gloomy-wise, *English* Silence of some of our Town-Fops, who will not condescend even to contradict you?

I cannot omit one Art which is so successfully practised almost in every Coffee-House in Town, I mean, that of staring you out of Countenance. I have known a Fellow, conscious of a good Face, and a better Wig, after having meditated on himself in the Glass with great Satisfaction, turn round and stare a young Fellow of some Sense, tho' more Modesty, out of the Room.

THE Inconveniences daily arising from the Insolence and Intrigues of our Servant-Maids deserve particular Notice. These, by their caballing together, have made their Party so considerable, that every body cries out against them, and yet no body has thought of, or at least propos'd a Remedy; altho' such an Undertaking (mean as it seems to be) may one day be thought worthy the Consideration of the Legislature.

Women-Servants are now so scarce, that from *thirty* and *forty* Shillings a Year, their Wages are increas'd of late to *six*, *seven*, and *eight* Pounds *per Ann.* Infomuch, that an ordinary Tradesman cannot well keep one; but his Wife, who might be useful in his Shop, or Business, must do the Drudgery of Household Affairs: And all this, because our Servant-Wenches are so puffed up with Pride, that they never think they go fine enough.

Let us trace this from the Beginning, and suppose a Person has a Servant-Maid, sent him out of the Country, at fifty Shillings, or three Pounds a Year. The Girl has scarce been a Week, nay, a Day in her Service, but a Committee of Servant-Wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her Wages, or give Warning; to encourage her to which,

the *Herb-Woman*, or *Candler-Woman*, or some other old Intelligencer, provides her a Place of four or five Pounds a Year; this sets Madam Cock-a-hoop, and she thinks of nothing now but Vails and high Wages, and so gives Warning from Place to Place, till she has got her Wages up to the top.

Her Neats-Leathern Shoes are now transform'd into Laced-ones; her Yarn Stockings are turn'd into fine White-ones; and her high Wooden Pattens are kick'd away for Leathern Clogs; she must have a Hoop too, as well as her Mistress; and her poor scanty Linsey-Woolsey Petticoat, is chang'd into a good Silk one, four or five Yards wide at the least. In short, plain Country Joan is now turn'd into a fine *London* Madam, can drink *Tea*, take *Snuff*, and carry herself as high as the best.

If a Slut be tolerably handsome, and has any share of Cunning, the Apprentice or Master's Son is entic'd away, and ruin'd by her. Thus many good Families are impoverish'd, and disgraced by these pert Hufseys.

I happen'd to dine one day in the *City*, with a discreet housewifely Woman, who gave me the Characters of half a score Maids, she had had in the compass of five or six Months.

There was *NEWCASTLE NAN*, (said she) a *Northumberland* Creature, one had need to have the patience of a *Chelsea-College* Pensioner, when he stands upon the Banks of the *Thames* to catch Gudgeons, to bear with that Slut's Impertinence. When I took her into my House, she appeared more like an acquitted poor Wretch, turn'd out at the Doors of the *Old Bailey*, than a Person fitting to be entertained in a sober Family. The
very

very Shift she had to her B——side was in as many Holes, as a poor Devil's *Scrotum*, that is under a Salivation in the *Lock-Hospital*; and her Gown, a fine Beau would as soon have stoop'd to take up a poor Creature that had fallen down in an apoplectick Fit, as a Bunter would have done, to take it off a Dunghill: Then for a Lyar, there was no more believing her than a News-Paper.

KATE CARELESS liv'd with me about six Weeks, during which time, my Parlour and Dining-Room lay in as constant a Litter, and Confusion, as a Barber's Shop on a *Saturday Evening*: My Linnen, she made look of the hue of a confin'd Debtor's, when he's dish'd out, to be carried up by *Habeas Corpus* to *Westminster*. When I bid her tie on a Hood, or stick a Pin in my Mantua, I appear'd as rumpled and discomposed, as a kept Mistress after a Visit from her Spark. Then she would go as awkwardly about every other Part of her Work, as a City *Punch-House-Man* doth to mount his Horse.

TIBB TIDEY, for the first three or four Days, look'd as meek and humble as an Apothecary at the side of a Physician's Chariot; yet when one of my Children did but just tap her on the Arm, she flew into as violent a Passion as a *Welsh Cook* in a Tavern Kitchen, upon being told her own; and discover'd as vindictive a Temper, as a Butcher for an Injury done his Dog.

HANNAH HAIRBRAINS, was a Girl that could do well if she wou'd; but when *Will wasn't at home*, a lazy fat Prebendary could not be a more useless Creature. And when before Company, could be as silent as a Half-pay Officer's Purse, or an offending Hackney-Coachman before the Commissioners; but when got among her trigger

gery Mates, as loud and talkative, as a young Rake of Quality just arrived from his Travels, or a green Divine from the University.

BETTY EBONY, a black Wench, as clever a Servant as ever laid Sheet cross a Feather-Bed, but so light-finger'd, that she'd out-pilfer a Nurse to a sick Person; yet, I know not how it happened, the Jade came recommended under as good a Character, as a Watch made by *Graham* or *Heydon*.

REBECCA READY, a thorough Servant, one that did her Work as quick as a Highwayman; but then furnish'd with such a Tongue, that to stop it, would be as difficult a matter, as to prevent a handsome Actress from turning Whore, or a Philazer from taking Fees.

JENNY JILT, would be as familiar with me, as a Whore's *Maid* in a Coach with her *Mistress*, or a *Serjeant's Clerk* in the same Vehicle with his *Master*, but no more to be trusted than a *North-Country Attorney*. I'll tell you a Trick this Wench once serv'd me: A Gentleman who was under a Cloud, having some Years before sold himself to the Devil, that he might enjoy great Wealth, and indulge himself in a luxurious Life, for a certain Term of Years; the Time being near expired, he was advised by his Friends, to keep out of the way, for a while, till Matters could be made easy. The poor Man (*I shall never forget him*) took a Lodging in my House, and telling me his Misfortune, desired to be conceal'd: *Now as sure as you're alive*, this Minks of mine, by some Means or other, got into the Secret, and could not rest till she went to a Justice of Peace, to give an Information. I will now leave it to you, to judge, whether any body was ever so handled with Servants as I have been:

To

To have every Circumstance of Life exposed, as much as a necessitated Courtier's to the Pay-Master of his Sallary, or an extravagant Subaltern Officer is to his Agent.

DOROTHY DOWDY, as bold a Baggage as ever set Foot over Threshold; and tho' she came from the Town of *Hastings*, yet was as slow as a pamper'd Church Dignitary is, in going to perform the Funeral Service over a poor Corpse; or an Insolvent, to surrender himself to the *Fleet* or *King's Bench* Prison, in discharge of his Bail.

DIRTY DORCAS, a Parson's Daughter, a little addicted to pilfering, having served an Apprenticeship to a *Manteaumaker*. When she first enter'd my House, with an old *Band-Box* under one Arm, and a little dirty Linnen *Bundle* under the other, she was seiz'd in Fee-Simple, of one *Cotton Night-Gown*; two *Shifts*, one *white* and one *colour'd* Apron; two Handkerchiefs and an half; one Pair of laced old Shoes, a half-penny-worth of *Scotch* Snuff; and two Yards of sixpenny Ribbon; and yet in less than three Months, grew more proud and saucy, than a City 'Prentice in the last Year of his Time, or an insolent Footman, on his being taken out of Livery to be converted into a Butler, or Valet de Chambre; and was withal so heedless and idle, that she was forced to be followed up and down like a Felon going to Trial.

But of all the rest, commend me to KITTY COLTISH a *Norfolk* Girl, who, after she demanded *eight* Pounds a Year Wages, I agreed with her for *six*, and found her as much puzzled to clean a Room, as the Clerk to a great Company would be to make up his Accounts: She would handle her Mop as clumsily, as a thriving Victualler doth a new piece of Plate in a Silver-Smith's

Smith's Shop; and so errant a Strumpet, that I was ever and anon detecting her in writing Letters to Fellows, with as much bad Spelling and Nonsense in them, as in the Supercriptions of the Town-Ladies Epistles, that stand wedged up in the Bars of the *Charing-Cross* Coffee-Houses, for the Officers of the Guards. Reprove her for her Faults, she would sometimes be as pert, and sauey, as a young Beau Shopkeeper; telling me, she, truly, would not be run down like a poor Alms-Woman by a Parish-Overseer; and at others, as silent and fullen, as a phthisicky old Parson, in a Stage-Coach.

Thus, said she, I have given you a Relation of a Series of Servants, that have pestered me in so short a time. I was shock'd at this Gentlewoman's Narration, and could not but condole with her upon these Misfortunes.

Indeed I have not particularly mentioned FOOTMEN in the foregoing Remarks; yet the Complaints alledg'd against the Maids, are very applicable to our *Gentlemen's Gentlemen*: I would therefore have them also brought under proper Regulations.

F I N I S.

